NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 27, 1869. | VOLUME XVII—No. 34. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ELSIE MAY.

The sailor, on the stormy sea,
When winds blow wild, and strong and free,
Or when the gentle evening gale
Ripples the sea and stirs the sail,
Forgets that in each curling wave
The mermaids hold a sailor's grave—
Forgets that death lurks in the blast,
Nor deems this hour may be his last,
But looks back o'er the billow's foam
To the loved spot he calls his home.

The soldier, wearied in the fray,
Seeks his lone tent at close of day,
Lies looking upward at the stars
That dart through heaven in silvery cars.
The brow a mother's lips have kissed
Is dampened by the dew's bright mist;
His thoughts have wandered far, far back
O'er memory's cloud enveloped track,
Nor cease, like Noah's dove to roam,
Till they rest in that ark—his home.

Each wanderer in a distant land,
Far from his own loved household band,
Sees lovelier forms and bluer skies,
Sees fairer forms and brighter eyes,
Yet turns away with thoughts of gloom
From Art's proud works and Nature's bloom;
Life seems of every joy bereft,
No land is like the one he left—
No foreign scenes can overcome
His longing thoughts of "Home, sweet Home."

Pilgrims of earth, frail forms of clay,
Whose rovings fill life's weary day,
We, too, must long and wish and dream
While chasing joy's illusive gleam.
The phantom flies and we pursue,
Still seeking bliss unknown and new,
Wading the marsh of grief and pain
For pleasures mortals ne'er attain,
Yet oft to us the sad thoughts come,
"We're wandering, we have missed our home."

Sailors are we upon a sea
Of boundless waves—Eternity—
Soldiers on life's tumultuous field,
With Faith alone for guide and shield;
Wanderers within an alien land,
Far from "Our Country's pearl-sown strand,"
Yet, oh! the sailor finds a haven,
The soldier rests in fame's bright heaven,
And pilgrims soon will cease to roam,
Exchanging *dreams* for *life at home.*

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SHADOW OF THE PAST.

"Common and human, yet more fair
To us than other children were.
We loved him for his innocent eyes,
We loved him for his pleading cries."

It was a great day for the little town of Hay when Signor Armadini's circus paraded through its quiet streets in a grand procession of prancing horses, waving banners and splendidly attired ladies and gentlemen, each one of whom seemed, in the eyes of the wondering children, a king or queen at the very least.

Curiosity had been on tiptoe since the early morning, aroused by the advent of a huge wagon with poles and canvas, which a whole army of shabby-looking men proceeded to unpack, and in so short a time that it seemed like magic to the uninitiated to turn into a spacious tent, with seats and a wonderful circle in the midst, thickly laid with sawdust.

Another open wagon, its wheels shrouded with scarlet drugget, became an orchestra, and a small tent uprose adjacent to the large one, with a covered passage between.

A house upon wheels, with windows, doors and chimney all complete, which awed the youngsters more than any of the other erections, was drawn up to serve as pay place and the establishment was complete.

Then horses and camels and an elephant were saddled and bridled and invested with trappings such as the grooms of the unassuming inns in the town had never dreamed of, and the shabby men and women who had been hanging about all the morning went into the tents and emerged therefrom, radiant in such splendor as sure never was seen before.

No more pale cheeks and haggard, careworn faces; paint and powder hid all signs of care and gay riding habits covered weary limbs and aching hearts. The order was given to "mount" and the cavalcade issued forth amidst the shouts of the entire juvenile population, to parade the town and bring in a full audience to their afternoon performance.

Long before the start of the procession John Howell's simple household were ready for their day's amusement. John was just a big child himself and he routed them all up betimes and insisted on the children being dressed long before the tired circus folk were ready to don their gay trappings. Then he wandered out with the elder ones, returning presently to hurry his wife and Nesta with the news that the "folk were all gone to get ready and the horses were saddling; they had better come."

All the lads came Hugh Evans; it was his last day at Hay; he was going away on the morrow for an indefinite time and he wanted to spend this last afternoon with Nesta.

"Here's Hugh wants to stand treat," said John, clapping him on the shoulder. "What dost say, Annis? I'll do as much for him another day."

"Ay, let me," said Hugh, speaking to Annis, but looking at Nesta. "Father and mother don't care to come, so I'm free; I should like to spend this last day with you."

"And we're glad to see thee, Hugh," she replied, "but thou mustn't spend thy money on us; we were going at any rate."

"Then I'll pay; we'll go to the best places, like the rest of the fine folk."

"Oh, Hugh, how kind!" Nesta exclaimed, her face flushing with pleasure, perhaps, at the idea of being only for two short hours out of the sphere of her peasant life, but honest John interposed:—

"Nay, lad, thou musn't do that: we should like cushioned seats and fine neighbors well enough, but what would the gentlefolks say? Wouldn't they think that my missis here was growing too fine for her work, or fancy I was too great a man to feed my pig or dig my garden? There's a place for them and a place for us, Hugh, and we must keep our own if we want to be honest and tidy in this world."

"Oh, nonsense, if we pay for places we've as much right to sit in them as Squire Pennover, of Clyro Court yonder, if he were there, as I dare say he will be."

"The world isn't governed by right, lad; paying for all the places in the circus won't make us the squire's equals. Let us keep our place, lad; we shall be more comfortable, and if the little 'uns are a bit restless why we shall be in the midst of hundreds like ourselves. We shall see as well as the gentry, and if thou must spend thy money, why we will all have a grand tea when we come home and go to the strawberry garden at Cusop at night."

And so it was arranged, a simple, pretty day's pleasure, and they sallied forth, dressed in their best, to see the turn out. The rectory servants were perched on the wall of the castle garden, and Mr. Gwynne seeing the party beckoned them inside, so that they might stand up on the old battlements and have a good and safe view.

"I am glad to see things going so well between you and Hugh, Nesta," he said, when none of the others were listening.

"I'm thankful for it, sir! Only sorry to have him go away for me."

"It will all come right; strive to do your duty and peace and happiness will be yours yet."

Their conversation was interrupted by the drums and trumpets of the advancing cavalcade. Mr. Gwynne looked on with as much amusement as the rest; he was not one of the straight laced folks who look upon all amusements alike as sinful, and had already made arrangements for his school children to be present at the afternoon's entertainment.

Horses, carriages and camels went by in glittering panoply, and the crowd shouted as they passed with childish glee. At length the most important part of the procession drew near—a huge elephant, obedient, as it seemed, to every whisper of the turbaned Asiatic who walked at its head. Its enormous bulk was completely covered with trappings of scarlet, on which were embroidered the royal arms of Spain, and underneath the words "Don Jose Salluto." On its back was a car in which sat alone a lovely boy. His complexion was of gipsey darkness and his silky black hair flowed in curls over his shoulders; his dress was of emerald green and gold and glistened almost unbearably in the bright sunshine.

He seemed about seven or eight years old, though he might have been less from his size, and he appeared perfectly at home in his exalted position and kissed his little hands from time to time to the admiring crowd with perfect self possession. Mrs. Gwynne remarked the little creature from her post among the school children.

ARRIVAL OF THE CIRCUS—A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

[See Story of "The Loved and The Lost," in this issue of the CLIPPER.]

"Poor little fellow," she said, "what can his parents, if he has any, be thinking of to let him lead such a life; he ought to be playing in the fields and learning amongst children, not forced to earn his bread like that."

"There seems nothing forced in his smile," her husband remarked; "no professional make-up can produce that. Did you see him, Nesta?"

For Nesta's face was turned away from the pageant and she was bending over the Howell's baby, which she held in her arms.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Gwynne started at the tone of her voice. It was so thick and hoarse, so unlike her usual clear articulation. He noticed, too, that her face was deadly pale and that she was shaking all over.

"Are you ill, Nesta?"

"No, sir."

"What is it, then? Something ails you."

"That boy reminded me—of—" she could not speak for the emotion which arose in her throat and seemed to choke her.

"Of your own; was that it?"

"Yes."

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder and Nesta felt in his touch how much he sympathized with her. But the procession had passed now, the school children were moving away and it was time to be going to secure a place. Mingling with the stream they went, and, after a good deal of pushing and scrambling, they managed to secure a front seat in the shilling part of the circle, Hugh gallantly laying down the money for the whole party.

Annis' speculation about the flying lady was soon set at rest, for Mlle. Eulalie was a horsewoman of good forty years, who jumped with far more vigor than grace, and whose alighting on the horse's back was a thing to hear as well as see. Signor Armadini's wonderful performance on nine horses was amazing enough, for the animals ran in and out between his legs and whirled round the ring in such a cloud of steaming breath and flying sawdust as left nothing to be desired in the matter of motion, at least.

All their eager excitement culminated, however, when the moustached gentleman who commanded the ring and held the antics of the clowns in check came forward and announced that Don Jose Sallusto, the infant prodigy, would now appear.

Everybody strained their necks in eager anticipation; the band played up fast and furiously, and a gaily caparisoned horse was led in, incited to rear and kick by the groom who held him. Another moment and then bounded in a tiny boy, looking almost a baby to the breathless throng who sat above him. He bowed fearlessly to the cheering crowd and gained the horse's back at a single spring, hardly touching the hand held out to aid his ascent. All through his performance the people watched him breathlessly, and Mr. Gwynne, from his place, could see Nesta's eyes gazing after him with an agonized expression, which touched him to the heart.

"Can it be possible," he asked himself, "that the child can be anything to her?" and he made a mental resolve to make some inquiry as to who the child was and where his parents lived; the Spanish story he put no faith in at all. A bustle aroused him from his reverie; some woman, overcome by the heat, had fainted away, and, looking to the place, he saw it was Nesta, whom Hugh Evans and John Howell were carrying out.

She had watched the performance of the child with breathless interest, fascinated in spite of herself by the youthful artist's performance. Every look, every gesture of the little one seemed to bring back a past she had deemed buried for ever, and she longed to see the child nearer, to clasp him in her arms and caress him with kisses, such as a mother presses on the lips of her first born.

Presently there came a lull in the whirling of the great horse around the arena, and the child stopped breathless from his exertions, his eyes all aglow and his hair in wild disorder, close to where she sat. How she looked up at him, devouring him with her eyes as it were; his hair had come loose from the spangled fillet which bound it, and, as he sat resting, he threw it back. Not with his hands but with a half defiant toss of his pretty head, which seemed characteristic of him. This action more than all the rest seemed to speak to Nesta's heart; she forgot time and place, forgot the crowded circus, the clown's jokes, the merry music, and, standing up in her place, she stretched out her arms to the boy, uttering some inarticulate sounds.

He looked down at her in astonishment, nothing else: what was this woman—mad, he doubtless thought—to him? The full look of his soft brown eyes was more than Nesta could bear, and, gasping out a name, but what, they could not make out, she sank fainting in Hugh's arms.

Mr. Gwynne saw the commotion, but did not hear the exclamation of one of the men in the ring, a stable helper or groom, as it seemed. He too had seen Nesta, and marked her rising agitation, and it was with a puzzled face that he looked at her as she fell. Something in her face struck him then all at once, and, forgetting where he was, for a moment, he exclaimed aloud:—

"Miss Foster, by the Lord!"

Hugh heard it, and turned his head to look at the man, that he might know him again. He was an ordinary groom, nothing more, but that he knew Nesta was evident. She recovered from her swoon in a few minutes, and insisted on their going back, so as to lose none of the entertainment.

"She would sit on the grass outside," she said; "it was only the heat."

She was so earnest in wishing them to go back that they could not but obey her, and they left her sitting, thinking sadly of the past, which the face of the child had conjured up. The sound of the rippling water likened oddly enough with the din of the performance within, and there she sat till she was roused by a touch on her shoulder and a voice in her ear:—

"Miss Foster!"

"Who called me?" she asked, starting and looking round.

"I did, Jack Myers; you remember Jack? I knowed you in a minute. Have you forgotten the Elysium and old Mother Mellish?"

"Oh, no, no! How came you here?"

"How came you here, I think it is?" the man said, laughing. "Every one thought you was drowned."

"Yes, yes. I know they did, but you should never speak that name here. I am Nesta Howell; will you remember; no one here knows me as anything else."

"I shan't be long here to tell anyone, miss, but if you'd come and see my missis, she'd be right glad to see you."

"Your wife! I didn't know you had a wife."

"You remember Mary, the yellow girl that used to dress you; she's my wife."

"You married her?"

"I did, miss, and got as good a wife as any white woman would have made; she rides too, as though she were born to it. The guv'nor puts her on the bills as a rescued eastern slave; she's more like one of them than a nigger. We don't care so long as he pays us, and he does that well."

"The people are coming out," said Nesta, in affright; "tell me when and where I can see you to-morrow."

He named a house in an humble street, where he said he lived, and Nesta promised to call upon him. When she rejoined her friends she declared herself quite well, and appeared quite herself during their evening visit to the strawberry garden. Hugh was silent and distrait; Nesta's agitation and the man's exclamation puzzled him and he was revolving in his own mind whether or not to put off his journey another day and find out this groom, who had called her by some name he could not catch. His was not the only head full of the curious folk that night. The Rev. Mr. Gwynne lay awake a long time, wondering what certain of his parishioners would think if the clergyman of the parish paid a visit to the renowned Signor Armadini.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
Or counted the shells that under it be?
Hast thou measured the heights of heaven above?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love!"

Signor Armadini was a man of mark in his profession, and always lodged at the best hotels in the towns he visited. The Swan, at Hay, was honored by his presence, and he was not a little surprised to receive a visit while he was sitting over his breakfast the second and last day of his staying in the town. His astonishment knew no bounds when he read the name of the Reverend Mr. Gwynne on the card the waiter handed him.

"The parson," he muttered. "What can *he* want?"

Mr. Gwynne's errand was a very peaceable one, only to ask a few questions concerning the little boy he had seen in the circus. The signor drew a long breath.

"Lucky the little beggar went out with the pony trap to the country, bill delivering," he said to himself. "Some inquiry's on foot."

But he courteously invited the rector to be seated and declared himself ready to give any information he could respecting the boy. Mr. Gwynne hardly knew what to say first and he made rather a poor business of it.

"The fact is," he said, "the boy reminded one of my parishioners so forcibly of a lost child of her own that she fainted away during his performance. May I ask where you procured that boy and whether he is really a Spaniard?"

"You want to know too much, sir," the signor replied. "There are secrets in our profession."

"In every one, I fancy; do you object to tell me what you know about this boy?"

"I don't mind if you'll promise not to speak of it; I've made a good bit of money by him through the Spanish dodge, and I shouldn't make another penny if the thing were blown."

"I promise that anything you say to me shall be held sacred. I will never speak of it."

"Not even to your wife, sir—women are the very devil (I beg your pardon) for blabbing."

"Not even to her; you may speak safely. I would not inquire were I not much interested, believe me."

"Well, then, sir, he's just an English lad, born and bred in my company. His father and mother are with me now, and have been for years—he's no more Spanish than you are."

"But his complexion, his hair?"

"All make up, sir—one's a wig, t'other's walnut juice; if you'd like to see him I'll send him to your house, or you can come here."

"I should like to see him. What is his name?"

"Christopher Staines; his father is my very best talking clown, and his mother—well, you saw her this afternoon, Mademoiselle Eulalie, in the bills; lumpish woman, but knows her business."

Mr. Gwynne thought of Mademoiselle Eulalie and of the infant prodigy, but thought it best to say nothing.

"I should like to see these people," he repeated. "Where can I see them?"

"Any time, sir; I will have them here this morning—or perhaps you would like them to call on you better; if you fancy there's anything not above board perhaps that would be best."

"I am going straight home, and shall be there all day, if they would not object to come to my house."

"Object, sir! They'd feel honored. I'll send them at once."

"Thank you."

Mr. Gwynne went his way with the uncomfortable feeling of being mystified upon him, which comes to us all sometimes without our knowing why, and, shutting himself up in his study, waited for the arrival of his odd visitors.

They came in about an hour; a hard-featured, cleanly shaved man, who looked as though hard work and plenty of it had been his continual lot in life, and a decently dressed woman, with some attempts at finery, well described by the signor's epithet, "lumpish," and in whom Mr. Gwynne could hardly recognise the lady of the aerial flight, or the scarlet habited amazon of the morning's procession.

With them came a boy—a flaxen-haired, pretty-faced urchin of eight or nine years old, having the somewhat remarkable peculiarity of brown eyes with his fair complexion. His hair was very closely cropped, which made his ears stand out in a very comical manner. The rector stared at him in undisguised astonishment, and hardly knew how to talk to these curious people, who were as strange to him as South Sea Islanders would have been. Mr. Staines himself saw the dilemma and relieved him from it at once.

"The guv'nor said you wanted to see us, sir," he said civilly; "that you were curious about young Kit, here."

"I am so, I confess."

"A many people have been that, sir, that are not up to the dodges of our trade. Lord bless you, a business like the signor's couldn't be carried on without a little bounce."

He was very glib—too glib, any one more used to the ways of the world than the quiet clergyman might have fancied, but Mr. Gwynne did not notice it.

"I suppose not," he said.

"Not a bit, sir. You see I'm Herr Stanislaus in the bills, my missus is Mam'selle Eulalie, and this young 'un, why all the world a'must knows what he is, Don Jose Sallusto, that's his name."

"And this is the little fellow I saw perform to-day?"

"Surely, sir, if you were at the circus; an active little chap he is too, and willing, and there is no humbug in the performance if there is in the names. I dare say we should jump and tumble quite as well in our own, but the public want gammon, and they will have it, sir. They like it peppery and strong, they do."

Mr. Gwynne smiled and Mrs. Staines put in a word.

"And our boy really was born in Spain, at Cadiz; we were there with Price's people. A nasty, savage place it is too: I was glad to get away from it."

"I can hardly believe my own eyes," the clergyman said. "This child is so different."

He drew the boy to him and looked at him earnestly.

"He seems a bigger boy altogether," he said.

"He looks less in the ring," his mother replied, "and as for the color and that, it's all make up. See, this is the wig he wears at night, and we color his face with burnt sienna and yellow ochre. It washes off again easy."

She produced a wig from her basket as she spoke, a long, flowing wig, and put it on the child's head; the metamorphose was wonderful, and Mr. Gwynne could hardly believe his own eyes. There was nothing more to be said; he had made a mistake and he acknowledged it, and after courteously providing refreshments for his visitors, and giving the child a trifling present, he allowed them to depart.

He felt that he ought to be convinced, and yet he had been as egregiously hoaxed as ever man was—the real Don Jose was at that moment going round the country with the agent, delivering bills, &c., and he was as unlike Master Kit Staines as could well be imagined. He *had* seen that young gentleman at the circus, but only as one among a whole troupe of performers, who wound up the entertainment by vaulting exploits.

He was a man convinced against his will, and, regardless of what his people might say, or think, he resolved to go to the circus again, and have another look at Signor Armadini's infant prodigy. The Signor was in a terrible flutter when the boy came back.

"You haven't driven through the town, Barber, have you?" he asked his agent.

"No, sir."

"That's a good thing. Get into the house, youngster, and don't come to the windows, d'ye hear, or I'll thrash you. There's suspicion afoot, Barber."

"Suspicion?"

"Yes, about the brat. I wish we could take him out of the bill to-night."

"We can't do that."

"No, the people would pull the place down; but here's been the parson questioning me about him; I told him the usual tale, of course, and sent Staines and wife to him with their lad. He's as innocent as a baby, they say, and believed all they said, but I wish we were well out of the town."

They were in the signor's sitting room by this time and poor little Don Jose was safely stowed away in the bed-room.

"Do you know whose child he is, governor?"

"I know he isn't Jim Maurice's, that's all I'm going to tell about it, and I don't think that's much of a secret to any one."

"The governor's a close chap," was the soliloquy of the agent as he went away, "but I'll get at the secret some how. If there's money to be made I'll have my hand in the bag, or my name's not Barber."

Hugh Evans did not leave Hay the day he intended; his mother met with a slight accident. She fell down a few steps and was stunned, and he put off his journey till he was sure that no ill effects would arise from the mishap.

It was not far he was going, only to Newport, but it seemed a long way to old fashioned folks like his parents, and they begged him to put off going for a day or two. He went to the Howell's cottage to tell them of his change of purpose, and was not a little surprised to see Nesta stealing out of the house, looking on each side of her, as though ashamed to be seen.

Instinctively he drew aside into the shadow of a clump of trees to watch her and saw her take the path which led direct to the town. Ere she had gone many yards she was joined by a man whom Hugh at once recognized as the man who had regarded her in the circus and had called her by some name unfamiliar to his ear. Where could she be going with this stranger? What could she have in common with him?

His heart misgave him as he watched them till they disappeared into the town and he turned into the cottage with an undefinable anxiety gnawing at his heart. John Howell was at his work, the elder children had wandered off after the circus band, which he could hear in the distance, and Mrs. Howell was fast asleep on her bed with her baby beside her. She was not an idle woman, but the day was hot, and, moreover, her work was done. Nesta had, doubtless, taken the opportunity to steal out unperceived. Hugh's entrance aroused her.

"Where is Nesta?" she asked.

"Gone out; I saw her going towards the town just now."

"To the town! whatever for?"

"That's best known to herself," Hugh replied, shortly.

He felt very sore at what he had seen, but he would not say a word which was likely to damage Nesta in the estimation of her friends. He would find out the mystery for himself before he accused her of anything improper. Could this man be the missing husband he had heard of?

He could hardly think it; he was only a coarse, common stable man, in appearance at least, and he could not look at him and believe in such a connexion between him and the delicate, pretty girl he had so loved. did so love still, wife though she was. It was some time before Nesta returned and when she did her manner was absent and distrait, and she had evidently been crying.

She seemed little disposed to talk and Mrs. Howell noticed that she turned over the contents of a box where she kept her little wardrobe and took something therefrom which she carefully stowed in her pocket. She was very sorrowful all the day and evening and when it grew dark she stole out again.

"Where's she off to, now?" John Howell asked, tartly, "she shouldn't run out in the dark like this."

"Maidens like to see what's going on," his wife said; "wherever Nesta is, she's in no harm."

Hugh loitered about the circus tent till he found the man he had seen and plainly asked him what he wanted with Nesta. He answered civilly enough that he had made a mistake, that he fancied he recognized the young woman and had waylaid her that morning on purpose to ask her. He hoped no offence; it was a mistake, that was all."

Hugh was puzzled, but not satisfied; he could not tell the man he lied, though he suspected it and he hung about the place till the tent was being packed up after the performance. He saw Mr. Gwynne come out with the crowd and wondered what took the clergyman there again. That worthy gentleman was ill at ease, too; he had seen the boy again and marked him well and was sure he had been deceived for some reason.

He could do nothing and went his way home to be aroused out of bed at twelve o'clock, to his great amazement, to speak John Howell. Hastily throwing on his dressing gown he went down stairs, to find poor John in terror at having roused him.

"I didn't know you were gone to bed, indeed, sir," he said; "I saw a light and thought some one was up."

"It was the nursery candle. I hope nothing has happened, John; your wife——"

"She is quite well, thank you, sir, but sore frightened; she bade me come to you. It's Nesta, sir; we can't find her anywhere."

"Not find Nesta; why, it is past twelve!"

"Yes, sir, and my wife thought it just possible you had seen her."

"No, not to-day at all; you can do nothing to-night, John."

No, nothing could be done that night, and Nesta never came home, but with the daylight a strange murmur got afloat, and Hay woke up to the astounding fact that the circus people were gone and that Nesta had gone with them!

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FANCIED RECOGNITION.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong,
A word too much, or a frown too long;
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."—MACDONALD.

Conjecture w a right; Nesta Gwynne had gone away with Signor Armadini's circus; she had craved of Jim Myers and his wife, who only knew her as Miss Foster, an *employee* of Mr. Mellish s, to give her the protection of their house, and as the young woman's sister she went with them.

She had a little money, enough to pay her share, at present, of their humble housekeeping, and Jim, who was a stud groom, thought to get her work in the wardrobe.

To them she told her story of her escape from the wreck, as she knew how it happened, and they, in turn, told her what they had heard from Mrs. Mellish of her supposed identification and burial by the Maurices.

"It was the ring they knew by, so they said"—Jim told her—"that little diamond thing you used to wear."

"Ah, I gave it to the stewardess; she was kind to me; poor soul, they buried *her*, but who did you say, Jim?"

"Jim Maurice and his wife; I knew them once in America."

"And what became of them after?"

"Why, they joined the signor and stayed with him till they both died. That brat yonder is their child. I know, though he thinks I don't. I wasn't with them then, but I've a pal as was; he says he believes the signor's done him out of some money, leastways there was none found, and they was worth a goodish bit by all accounts."

"Then it was true and I was right," Nesta said, with a white and working face. "I knew it! I knew it! he is my boy! Don't look at me so, Jim Myers, I was not mad when I used to cry for my child out yonder in America. You will help me, will you not?"

"I'll help you, poor soul, as far as I can, in letting you live with us and that, but, as to claiming the child and that, I don't know; you'll have to prove it all you know, and I can't afford to quarrel with the signor."

"You shan't quarrel with him for me; I can wait till I see my way. I'll be very patient and as useful as I can."

"What shall we call you? Miss Foster?"

"No; some one might recognize that name," she said with a sad smile. "I will be called by the name the kind people here have given me, Nesta Howell."

"And a very pretty name for a bill it is; Miss Nesta Howell. Speak up sharp to the governor if he bullies you; he likes folks that speak up to him."

This conversation took place the night before the troupe left Hay, and the next morning Nesta was gone. Signor Armadini noticed the strange face among his people next morning and inquired; Jim Myers said she was his sister-in-law, whom they had suddenly discovered, after a long separation, and that they were going to take her with them for awhile.

"Oh, well!" he replied graciously enough for him, "so that she doesn't get into the way of your business, that's all. Hem! A pretty face; might make something of her, perhaps, in spectacle or processions."

"She will be very glad of anything, sir," said Jim Myers, nudging Nesta, to make her keep silence; "you won't find her in the way."

And so Nesta Howell attached herself to an itinerant circus troupe and left the humble family she had lived with so long.

She was not so ungrateful as the community in general pronounced her to be. From the next stopping place but one of the troupe, she wrote to Mr. Gwynne:

CARDIFF, August 9, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR.—I hardly know whether you will care to read a letter fr'm me, d'serting me, as no doubt you do, ungrateful and selfish in leaving Hay as I have done. You know my miserable story, and you will sympathize with me when I tell you that my instincts were not wrong; the child whose looks so wrung my heart is mine. The people who stole him from me left him with the master of the circus, and I have gone with some people who knew me in America, to wait my chance of claiming him. I do not know how to begin; he cannot remember. I have no proof to connect him with the baby I lost. The man and his wife who brought him up are both dead, and all their papers and possessions are appropriated by Signor Armadini, who, I fear, is a bad man. I wait only and hope, trusting that Providence will some time give me back my boy. Say for me what you like to my kind friends by the river; I could not tell them my story, and they will think me wicked and heartless. To poor Hugh say what you like; I cannot soften the blow I have given him; and if you can ever put in a word for me when you hear me called ungrateful, will you do it? I enclose a pound; will you do me the great kindness to give it to Mrs. Howell in token that I remember their kindness. I will send more when I am earning it. At present I am living on the little I have by me. I should deem it a great and undeserved kindness if you would drop me a line to Swansea, where we shall be in a week from this, and believe me, with the deepest gratitude, yours very respectfully,

NESTA HOWELL.

REV. BERNARD GWYNNE, Hay, Breconshire.

Mr. Gwynne was relieved, but not satisfied; in his heart he believed Nesta in some way mistaken, but he did her bidding and carried the money to the Howells. John was furious, but Annis, woman like, tried to find excuses for her late guest, even though she was not told why she went. Hugh knew and pitied her from his heart.

"I shall go after that there circus riding," he said, resolutely. "She needn't see me, but I'll find out if she's well done by and comfortable before I settle down to try and forget her."

And he kept his word, visiting three towns in succession and finding out that Nesta was at least well cared for and comfortable, and that Jim Myers and his wife were decent, respectable people. His faithful love could do no more, but it was a relief to his mind to do even that little.

And so the autumn waned, and Signor Armadini's company moved on from place to place, Nesta by degrees taking part in the work of the troupe, but getting no nearer to the child she deemed her own. He would talk to her readily enough, and seemed to prefer her to the rest of the women about him, but she could awaken no chord of memory in his heart.

He prattled to her constantly of his mother and father, whom he said he remembered, and wrung her heart with a thousand pretty ways, reminiscences of one she had loved and lost, but there was nothing she could lay hold of.

She never saw him alone, and Signor Armadini and his wife seemed rather jealous of his liking for her. She grew at length morbidly fanciful, and began to have strange notions about her own identity and the child's; her poor worried brain was again tottering, and but a little more would throw it off its balance.

She began to attract notice by her pretty face and graceful, flexible figure, and strangers often asked who was that lovely girl who rode in the *entrees*. She was earning her living, but she was strangely apathetic, falling, as it seemed, in all she wanted most to do.

Jim Myers and his wife were very kind to her; she earned more than enough for her keep, and they had both been fond of her in America. Of her previous history they knew nothing, but they guessed rightly that there was more in it than Mr. Mellish had chosen to tell the world. She had begged them to keep the secret of her being able to sing from the signor, and they had done it faithfully. Had he known what a voice she had he would have thrust her before the public in other ways than on horseback, and she only wanted to live, not to be known.

And the time passed away, and presently the troupe found themselves at Holyhead, *en route* for Dublin, where they were to winter, and where the signor expected to do great things with his infant prodigy. The weather was yet fine, and the last evening of her stay Nesta started out for a lonely walk. There had been no evening performance, for the boat started at an inconvenient hour and her preparations were all made. Passing under the balcony of one of the principal hotels, she heard a voice say clearly and distinctly:—

"That villain, Tristraille!"

"Harry Howard, you mean," said a second speaker, and she drew herself close into the shadow of a window and almost held her breath to listen. Two gentlemen were seated over her head smoking their cigars at the open window, and their voices were coldly familiar to her ears.

"Tristraille and no other, let him call himself by any of his half dozen *aliases*. He murdered poor O'Grady in mistake for Ratty, and from that hour he seemed to have sunk into the earth."

"He's a double dyed villain wherever he is. Do you remember that pretty wife of Horace's? The scoundrel! That's another queer thing I hear on coming back to England. I rescue that woman from his clutches, tell her father she is alive and she disappears off the face of the earth almost at the same moment. I believe my going to India was the devil's work. If I had been here when poor Ratty came back from the frontier of the next world in the odd fashion he did, I could have helped to set matters straight, but I must be thousands of miles away, and then be sent on to China to get taken prisoner by those cursed yellow faced pigtails, and be kept there till I'm become half a Chinaman myself. The world's all wrong, Masterton, depend upon it, and you and I can't right it."

"It is odd, Travers, that you and I should be journeying to the Dingles to see dear old Ratty. It cut me up to hear of poor Gus' death and the old lady's; I don't mind telling you that I could have cried like a woman when I heard of the break up in the family."

"I did cry," replied Travers, "when I got Ratty's letter—it was so good to an exile to find one friend at least—and when I got the second, inviting me to the Dingles with you, and telling me all that has happened to him, I just blubbered like an old woman."

"He's a thorough warm-hearted Irish gentleman is Ratty O'Grady," Masterton remarked after a pause. "I suppose there is not much chance of his inheriting the Dingles? Gus' boy won't be allowed to die if care can keep him alive."

"Chance of inheriting! Why, man, he *has* inherited; the boy is dead!"

"When?"

"About six months ago."

"I didn't know. I knew that he was, to all intents and purposes, master, and managed Mrs. O'Grady's and purposes, master, and managed Mrs. O'Grady's affairs for her, but I had not heard of the child's death. Poor little beggar; and who inherits next to Ratty?"

"His son, if he has any; there's only a daughter at present and his wife is a delicate thing."

"Do you know her?"

"I have seen her years ago, but she was a child of twelve or thereabouts then. I hear she is very beautiful; but be she what she may, she will never compare with the poor lost girl, Norah Keane."

"Hush!" said his companion, "there is some one underneath!"

"Well, our conversation won't interest them much, whoever they are. Poor Nora, she was a lovely girl, the very ideal of an Irish girl, black hair and blue eyes."

The figure underneath strove to go away, but clung for a moment, with trembling limbs, to the pillar which supported the balcony. Mr. Travers looked over and saw the white face, from which the hat and veil had fallen back, gleaming in the moonlight; he started back with an exclamation of horror:—

"Good heavens!"

"What is it?" asked his companion.

"The very woman I was speaking of; Nora—Nora Keane. Look there!"

"But the slight figure was hurrying away now, with head bent down and the veil drawn tightly over the face.

"Nonsense, Travers, you are mistaken."

"Mistaken, no, I could not be mistaken in her face! Listen, Masterton, I loved her! Don't look at me like that; I never told it; she was my friend's wife, but before I went to India I felt that there was but one woman in the world and she was called Norah O'Grady."

Masterton gave a low whistle and his friend went on:—

"My mad passion spent itself, as all evil passions do if they are not fostered, and I could meet her now as Horace's wife, should we meet."

"What nonsense you are talking, Travers. Ratty's wife! You forget Lord Scatterbrain's daughter!"

"Heaven help me, so I do; but that woman yonder is Nora Keane or her ghost."

"She looks tangible enough. Here, waiter!"

One of the *employes* of the hotel was lounging about and answered immediately:—

"Coming, sir."

"You see that woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Find out who she is and where she lives; my friend thinks he knows her."

"Very good, sir."

The man ran off, overtook the hurrying figure, and returned almost immediately, after having spoken a few words to the object of their solicitude.

"Have you found out?" they asked in a breath.

"Oh, yes, sir, I've seen her before."

"Who is she?"

"She belongs to Signor Armadini's circus; her name is Nesta Howell."

"Nesta Howell?"

"Yes, sir; she is a Welsh girl they picked up somewhere. The troupe are waiting for the Dublin boat to start."

"There, Travers, I told you you were mistaken, but we'll have a chance of making sure on board the boat. What interesting traveling companions we shall have to be sure, a circus proprietor and his company, besides dogs and monkeys all included, I suppose."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER BUILDING.

S. E. COR. CENTRE AND LEONARD STS.

This handsome and substantial edifice, well located on a good business thoroughfare and within view from Broadway, is now ready for occupation. Parties wishing

TO RENT ON REASONABLE TERMS,

FIRST CLASS STORES AND OFFICES

With all

THE MODERN CONVENIENCES AND APPOINTMENTS,

including heating by steam, should apply to

W. H. BRAY, Agent,

NEW YORK CLIPPER OFFICE.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription to the New York Clipper.		Subscription per annum	
Single Copy	10 cents	"	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6½ "	for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	for 3 months	1 25

To Clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ Correspondents, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the Clipper, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are directed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. W. B., Fort Monroe, Va.—1. "At critbage mr opponent plays a four; I play a deck in plays three and I five, taking three for the sequence; he plays a six and takes four for the run, making twenty-eight, and I being unable to play, he plays a two, making thirty, and claims a run of five. Is he right?" ..... Neither of you are right, for there is no sequence on the cards, the Jack stopping the run altogether. 2. You lose your bet for Barney Aaron weighed over 114½ lbs. when he fought Oeliver the first time.

The Richmond Hard's Lager, of Vicksburg.—"A bet B that the McCoole and Allen fight would not come off, and then A bet B again the same sum that if the fight did come off. Allen would whip McCoole. Has B the advantage of A in these bets, for B has a chance to win both bets, while A can only win one, and may lose both?" ..... B certainly has the best of the bets, for he can only lose one, and has a chance of winning both. A's second bet neutralises his first.

Allegany.—1. Very few of the gags are original with the comedians using them. There are some performers, but they are few, who originate jokes. 2. It would be a difficult matter for us to decide as to who is the best comedian. Certainly I earn a good trade in preference to adopting the stage, as the former is far more reliable and more profitable, excepting with a great star. 4. Either clog or jig dancing.

B. O. F. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—Mace beat Slack, Thorpe, Posh Price, Travers, Brettle, Hurst, Tom King and Goss (twice), was beaten by Brettle and King, and fought a draw with Goss. He also forfeited twice to Mike Madden, received forfeit from Joe Wormald, and was matched with Joe Osborn and Ned O'Baldwin, but the last two matches did not come to a fight.

L. S., Altoona, Pa.—Joe Wormald was born at Poplar, London Eng., and has appeared four times in the ring, viz: beat Ike and Marsden, and fought draws with Wolfe and O'Baldwin (the last mentioned being stopped by the police after one round had been contested). He also forfeited to Mace and received forfeit from O'Baldwin.

Scott, Woonsocket, R. I.—The articles inclosed expressly state that the shooting is to commence at 1 o'clock P M. Howard was on the ground, but Austin did not put in an appearance until forty minutes afterwards. Howard is, therefore, entitled to the money, according to a strict construction of the agreement.

C. F. H., Pesvtugo, Wis.—In regard to the polata it was about equal to a two-handed game. But combination games like this usually consume more time than ordinary games, and it is customary, for that reason, and, likewise for another, which should be obvious, to charge more for them.

E. H. B., Boston.—1. We do not think he will return to your city, for he has sunk too much money there already. 2. Tilton Opera House is a variation hall. 3. Whiza is past 38 years of age. 4. An actor who is not cast in a piece receives his salary each week, whether he appears or not.

Here Ye Waltham.—1. He is not the best jig dancer. 2. It is a matter of opinion. In Boston Cool is considered the best, while in other cities Charley is the favorite. 3. He is said to be 29 years of age.

Bigg, Honesdale.—1. We do not think you can buy proper burnt cork. Parties in this city some time ago did have it for sale, but there was so little call for it that they quit making it. 2. "Ten Little Injun" is a very good one.

A. J. S., Rome.—It is not compulsory on you to pay the license, but a license must be paid for every entertainment given in your house, either by you or the parties giving the show, and you would be held liable for its payment.

F. McG., Waltham.—It was no mistake for each person had his proper number of cards; but one player had evidently played two at once, and cannot, therefore, take advantage of his own misplay by demanding a new deal.

H. L., Portsmouth.—A dry wine is one that does not contain much saccharine matter and which leaves a slightly perceptible roughness on the palate after drinking. It does not depend on the dryness of the vintage season.

Carnage, Williamsburgh.—"A plays a nine, B a seven, C a seven and takes two for the pair; D cannot play, A cannot play, and B plays an eight and claims five holes. Is he right?" ..... Yes, the sequence rank suit, nine, seven and he is entitled to five points.

A and B., East Pearl street, Cincinnati.—B is out and A loses the game, because the count which the latter gave his opponent counts immediately. We do not answer questions by mail.

Tom Lloyd, Wilmington, Del.—1. Sam Hurst beat Tom Paddock, 5 rounds, 9 minutes, 30 seconds, Nov. 5th, 1858. 2. No, only Tom King.

C. J. P., Springfield.—Both are very good, but we are not sufficiently well acquainted with the style of the two to decide which one is the best.

J. S., New Jersey.—"I can place the first stone one yard from the basket, the distance is for fifty ounces, one yard apart, 1 mile, 790 yards; for one hundred stones, 5 miles, 1,210 yards.

Sugar Refiner, Philada.—A man can win on a certainty, provided no fraud, artifice or misrepresentation has been used to induce the opposite party to make the bet.

D. S. C., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Yankee Sullivan was found dead in his cell, San Francisco, Cal., May 2d, 1856. It was given out that he had committed suicide.

J. H. McC., Boston, Mass.—We understand that Allen is of Irish parentage, but we cannot state positively. You had better address him a letter in our care.

Murphy, Woonsocket, R. I.—Mr. Hearn loses his bet, for he has not named the decision on the disputed question. See reply to Scott, Woonsocket.

P. N. D.—We have not got any of that style of type. We insert your advertisements till forbid. They will cost you $2 for each week.

R. A. S.—"In playing cribbage, my opponent holds Jack (which is also his nob), two 5's, a 6 and an ace. How many does he count?" ..... Nine

H. H. B., St. Louis.—Although there are no rules meeting this point, the general custom is for the two forty-fives to take the two prizes.

Jenny M.—Two cards first and three afterwards, or vice versa, is the correct way of dealing; by mutual consent, however, four may be given first and one afterwards.

American Cultivator Reading.—The *American Agriculturist*, published at 41 Park Row, New York, has the largest circulation of any similar paper among farmers.

Shamrock, Paterson.—The registered tonnage of a vessel is the custom house measurement; her burden the amount of cargo she can actually carry.

D. S. and N. Y., Springfield, Ill.—1. The partner cannot play lone on D's make. 2 Owes to a with his claim. 3. I. is a misdeal, and the deal passes to the next player.

Baltimore and Ohio, Wauseburgh, Pa.—The five runs given by your friend must be deducted from the score of the Red Stockings, which would leave a tie, a fact best in there are three.

Wm. Schmaltz, Dunlap, Iowa.—The *Eclectical Journal* is published in London, Eng. There is no American publication of that name.

W. B. B., Kansas City, Mo.—Write to John Mulholland, No. 120 Mott street, New York; he will supply you.

A. J. O. B., Cleveland.—She has never been married, and has therefore had no occasion to sue for a divorce.

Cassius.—It is not up to our standard, the measure being uneven and the rhymes faulty.

Ray and Bray.—Items acceptable. Your last reached us too late to be of service. We go to press on Monday evening.

Excelsior, Gilbertsville, Pa.—Having never tried them, we cannot advise you as to their efficacy.

G. F., Allegheny City, Pa.—We have not got the numbers you want.

Harry.—The concern has broke up for the winter. The animals are on exhibition at Wood's Museum.

Frank, Akron.—Your best means would be to advertise for such party, and you would receive plenty of offers.

L. S., Troy.—"Humpty Dumpty was performed for the first time at the Olympic, March 10, 1868.

W. A. Hoff, Harrisburg, Pa.—Yankee Sullivan's right name is said to have been Frank Ambrose.

O. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Owney Geoghegan died Oct. 29, and not May 15th, 1869.

J. W. C., Philadelphia.—He is playing somewhere in the west and a letter addressed to our care will reach him.

W. S., Chicago.—The wives of the gentlemen you mention are sisters.

B. L., Vallejo, Cal.—Dan Thomas, of Wales beat Charley Lynch in 54 rounds, 1 hour 40 minutes, near Aldershot, Eng., Jan. 25, 1859.

H. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—We advise you to apply at some of the armories in your city.

C. E. C., Fort Plain.—Sally is at the Theatre Comique, this city; Lucy is not playing anywhere at present.

F. W., Brenham.—We really cannot inform you who to write to on that subject.

Chief Tom.—John Foster is clowning with that concern. See our Circus summary for further particulars.

W. R., Birmingham, Pa.—Jack Weston will receive your letter if you send it in our care.

In the Wilderness.—Flora Temple is a bright bay. She is living.

Sandborn, Pleasantville, Pa.—1. A cannot count for a flush made in play. 2. A most certainly wins his bet.

Modern Antediluvian.—There is no such thing as a flush made in play at cribbage.

W. W., Georgetown, D. C.—We cannot inform you. Enquire of the proprietor of the course at Washington.

R. R.—The Royal Havana Lottery has no greater risks than any other lottery. Taylor & Co. are the authorized agents.

Bob, Washington.—1. Lake street is the principal thoroughfare in that city. 2. They stop at either the Sherman or Tremont House.

A. G. A.—He is not performing anywhere at present that we are aware of.

A, B and C.—They go out together, but can play off if agreeable to both.

N. P. S., Louisville, Ky.—Without more influence he would find it somewhat difficult.

H. M., Little Rock.—You had better advertise for what you want. We do not make purchases for correspondents.

Rensselaer, Syracuse.—The Duke of Edinburgh was never in Canada.

M. A. W.—The match having resulted in a tie, all bets on it are drawn.

W. J. M., Baltimore.—A regulation base ball must not weigh less than 5 nor more than 5½ ounces; cricket ball, 5⅝ to 5¾ ounces.

J. A. H., Botany.—1. It is a mere matter of choice. 2. "Red Stockings." 3. Boosey, 644 Broadway.

Soland.—1. If having ordered it up, 10 cannot go alone. 2. B having ordered it up, C has no say.

J. W. H., Baltimore.—We will ascertain and reply in our next issue.

T. M., Philadelphia.—George Wilkes is fourteen years old and Lady Thorn thirteen years; the former is consequently the older.

An Old Reader, Rochester.—You must have seen it in some other paper; we do not know the address of such parties.

C. C.—We know of nothing reliable in that line. Your writing is good enough for such purpose.

Clipper Reader, Cincinnati.—We may possibly give it at some future time.

Eccrne.—Throwing out a card and saying that he would play alone, were sufficient to denote his intentions.

N. P. O., New Brighton.—You will find his address among our theatrical advertisements.

W. A. K., Pleasantville.—Dexter's best time under saddle was 2.19, made at Buffalo in 1867 and ridden by Budd Doble.

M. McG., Austin, Texas.—Thank you. We will be pleased to hear from you whenever convenient.

Charley, Cleveland.—Ella is at present in San Francisco, not playing at any place of amusement.

E. G. O., Albany.—Items of general interest will be acceptable.

A. W. F.—"Little Lottie" will be exhumed at an early day.

Constant Reader, Ghent.—Lucien Barnes is his name.

A. M.—See our dramatic summary.

Beppo, Albany.—Her name was Biggie Newton.

H. K. M., New Orleans.—We have one already.

Davs, Rochester.—Thank you, but we are attended to in that line.

J. M. L., Paw Paw, Mich.—We have not got that work.

Rosella, East New York.—1. B wins. 2. Yes. 3. Yes.

B. B. C.—He can be expelled.

Efforts are being made to take the Bible out of the public schools. "Our Jim" says he always found the Bible one of the easiest books in school. He says if they would take out grammar and cyphering books the scholars would like it much better.

Free Soil.—It is said that the Mississippi river moves ten thousand tons of *soil*, per hour; that must *soil* the river's surface greatly, and thus its muddy appearance is accounted for.

Divorces are all the go and Indiana makes its profit. The latest case coming to our knowledge out there is that of David Child, who, in order to get rid of his wife, avers that Mrs. *Child* committed *adultery*.

An Agree-able Person is one who says everything that you do. A *dis-agree-able* one is he who differs with you on every subject.

Squibs and Things.

—Jas. H. Andrews, Deputy U. S. Collector, and Ira Nye, proprietor of the National Hotel, Flint, Mich., spent three days recently hunting deer in the woods about fifteen miles west of Saginaw, on the line of the S. and G. Co.'s plank road, killing four in one day and two in another.

—Marrow and Dougherty, convicted of an attempt to kill Mr. Brooks, a revenue officer, in Philadelphia, were sentenced on the 20th inst., to pay a fine of $1,000 each and be imprisoned six years, eleven months and twenty-three days.

—At the last election in this State there was a decrease of 208,554 in the number of votes polled as compared with that of the previous year. What are the politicians about? "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

—Paris papers say that since stays have gone out of fashion the mortality among young women has decreased 18 per cent., and add that the use of chignons has increased brain fever 72¾ per cent.

—California does things on a large scale. The Emigrant Union of San Francisco has advertised for proposals for a building capable of accommodating from *five hundred to a thousand boarders*.

—The Dutch government has "conceded" to W. Cornell Jewett the right to lay a submarine telegraph cable between Holland and the United States. The American terminus is to be near this city.

—$6,588,542 is the amount to be raised by taxation in Brooklyn for the ensuing year. The city is divided into twenty-two wards, which gives an average of nearly $300,000 to each ward.

—Senator Sumner has been "lecturing" the Jerseymen on slavery. During his "spoke" the Senator from Massachusetts said that Chinamen were the Pariahs of the United States.

—"Blue Sky Filled with Music," an adopted daughter of the Seneca Indians, has lately married a "pale face," and thus severed her connection with her red friends of the forest.

—About 5,000 persons assembled at St. Stephen's Church, in this city, on Sunday last, to witness the dedication of the marble altar which has just been erected there.

—Frank Swift, who distinguished himself by his agility and swiftness upon skates, is now attempting to swiftly accumulate a fortune as a gold operator in Wall street.

—The gaming saloons of Baden, Ems, and Wiesbaden are to continue open for several years longer and not to be closed in 1870, as stipulated by the Prussian government.

—$1,600 was recently paid in London for a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. Two leaves of the book were missing, and a third was slightly mutilated.

—On some of the French railroads the *employees* are allowed, in addition to their salaries, a share in the profits. The companies find the plan works well.

—Two gentlemen prospecting along the Denver Pacific Railroad track, recently, came across a herd of 2,000 antelopes. A pretty extensive prospect.

—Oyster suppers are a recent form of devotion introduced into a church in Wallingford, Conn. They ought to have a great many converts there.

—On the 18th inst., a magnificent meteor burst over Ithaca, N. Y. It appeared to be nearly as large as the moon's disc, before it exploded.

—Portland, Me., boasts of an economical lady, who after the death of her father, took all the medicines left, that they might not be wasted.

—An industrious little miss of eleven, residing in Winnebago county, Wis., has knitted forty-eight pair of stockings during the past year.

—Cholera chickens are said to be on sale in great numbers in Philadelphia. Therefore, let everybody eat turkeys instead of chickens.

—A man in Waldoboro, Me., keeps in his family, as a souvenir, a hatchet with which an Indian brained his grandfather in 1749.

—A gentle zephyr took the roof off the Salt Lake Penitentiary the other day. Wonder what a stiff breeze would do there!

—Stephen C. Stevens, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, recently died a pauper in the Insane Asylum.

—The London, Eng., General Omnibus Company carried over twenty million passengers during the first six months of 1869.

—The Mormons are a poor set after all. The church income, as returned by Brigham Young, for last year, was only $440.

—57,210,485 Bibles and Testaments have been distributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society since its organization.

—The General Council of the University of Edinburgh has decided to admit females to study medicine in that institution.

—The Suez Canal was successfully opened last week, by the Viceroy of Egypt and his guests, with appropriate ceremonies.

—A chicken dispute was to have been held in Philadelphia on the 18th inst., but the Cruelty Society spoiled the discussion.

—Emigration from Denmark to the United States has become so extensive that it has been placed under official control.

—The Onandaga giant is highly priced. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been refused for an eighth interest in him.

—Mrs. Gen. Custar, who is accounted a good rifle shooter, accompanies her husband on his Indian campaigns.

—The Tennessee Legislative Committee has reported adversely to the ratification of the "Fifteenth Amendment."

—Providence, R. I., has raised a Miss Angelina Honeysuckle Thistledown. How will her husband get all that down?

—There was on exhibition in Washington Market, during the past week, a 500 pound hog, and a 2½ pound potato.

—Vienna proposed to build a new town hall recently, and the authorities had nine hundred plans sent in to them.

—The Legion of Honor and five medals have been presented to Jane Bretonne, who is the Ida Lewis of Dieppe, France.

—Fourteen hundred million bushels is the estimated crop of grain in the United States during the current year.

—There is a lawyer ninety-one years old in Portland, Me., who makes out his own writs and argues his own cases.

—Massachusetts is about to establish an asylum for inebriates. This don't speak well for the prohibitory laws.

—A mighty hunter of Green Bay, Wis., named Ambrose Hummel, has killed eighty-three deer already this season.

—The raw fur trade of Michigan amounts to nearly $1,000,000 per annum—most of which is done at Detroit.

—Florida is now offering $50,000, in various amounts, for the apprehension of sundry and divers murderers.

—San Rafael, a mission town, near San Francisco, Cal., amuses its inhabitants with Sunday bull fights.

—A young woman in Sedalia, Mo., recently committed suicide because her lover took her sister to a party.

—The North Pacific coddishing fleet have all returned to San Francisco. The catch counts up 1,082,000.

—There is a papier-mache church in Bergen, Germany, which will hold one thousand persons.

—The old republican wigwam at Chicago was destroyed by fire on the 13th of November.

—This city numbers among its population 60,000 Jews, who worship in twenty synagogues.

—A lady in Verden, Ill., has earned a farm of seven hundred acres by teaching school.

—The bookbinders of Washington, D. C., have organized a benevolent association.

—1,082,000 cod fish have been caught by the North Pacific cod fishing fleet this season.

—The "first shad" of the season was caught at Savannah on the 12th of November.

—The gale on the 17th is reported to have been the severest ever known on the lakes.

—A three card monte player set up his stand in Printing House Square the other day.

—It is said the tallest Americans are raised in Georgia, and the shortest in New York.

—It is thought that Jersey City, N. J., will have a paid Fire Department next year.

—A seven hundred pounds bear was recently killed in Wolfe County, Kentucky.

—Five million sermons are annually preached from the pulpits of Great Britain.

—England has to pay £111,000 yearly to support its princes and princesses.

—Victor Hugo charges five dollars for writing his autograph in an album.

—One of the attractions at the Virginia State Fair was Henry Clay's cradle.

—A calf in Virginia is given to feeding on turkeys. He ate thirteen recently.

—$250 has been given to the Yale navy to enable her to beat the Harvard.

—Ten tons of Thanksgiving poultry were exported from Block Island.

—Steam wagonettes are taking the place of velocipedes in London, Eng.

—Vermont imports black-legged South Down sheep from Canada.

—The Mississippi State Fair was opened at Jackson on the 15th inst.

—The canine population of the United States is 6,000,000.

—Austin, Texas, raises fine bananas.

Contest for the Championship of Illinois.—Snyder Beaten by Parker.—The contest between Frank Parker and Peter Snyder, set down originally for the 17th, but deferred until the 19th inst., took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago. In addition to the champion cue of Illinois, held by Parker, there was involved a stake of $300. The game was 1,200 points up, caroms, without push or crutch, single shots reckoning for three points and double ones for six. Contrary to general expectation, the contest was not close. Parker winning by 853.

Efforts are being made to take the Bible out of the public schools. "Our Jim" says he always found the Bible one of the easiest books in school. He says if they would take out grammar and cyphering books the scholars would like it much better.

Free Soil.—It is said that the Mississippi river moves ten thousand tons of *soil*, per hour; that must *soil* the river's surface greatly, and thus its muddy appearance is accounted for.

Divorces are all the go and Indiana makes its profit. The latest case coming to our knowledge out there is that of David Child, who, in order to get rid of his wife, avers that Mrs. *Child* committed *adultery*.

An Agree-able Person is one who says everything that you do. A *dis-agree-able* one is he who differs with you on every subject.

Squibs and Things.

—Jas. H. Andrews, Deputy U. S. Collector, and Ira Nye, proprietor of the National Hotel, Flint, Mich., spent three days recently hunting deer in the woods about fifteen miles west of Saginaw, on the line of the S. and G. Co.'s plank road, killing four in one day and two in another.

—Marrow and Dougherty, convicted of an attempt to kill Mr. Brooks, a revenue officer, in Philadelphia, were sentenced on the 20th inst., to pay a fine of $1,000 each and be imprisoned six years, eleven months and twenty-three days.

—At the last election in this State there was a decrease of 208,554 in the number of votes polled as compared with that of the previous year. What are the politicians about? "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

—Paris papers say that since stays have gone out of fashion the mortality among young women has decreased 18 per cent., and add that the use of chignons has increased brain fever 72¾ per cent.

—California does things on a large scale. The Emigrant Union of San Francisco has advertised for proposals for a building capable of accommodating from *five hundred to a thousand boarders*.

—The Dutch government has "conceded" to W. Cornell Jewett the right to lay a submarine telegraph cable between Holland and the United States. The American terminus is to be near this city.

—$6,588,542 is the amount to be raised by taxation in Brooklyn for the ensuing year. The city is divided into twenty-two wards, which gives an average of nearly $300,000 to each ward.

—Senator Sumner has been "lecturing" the Jerseymen on slavery. During his "spoke" the Senator from Massachusetts said that Chinamen were the Pariahs of the United States.

—"Blue Sky Filled with Music," an adopted daughter of the Seneca Indians, has lately married a "pale face," and thus severed her connection with her red friends of the forest.

—About 5,000 persons assembled at St. Stephen's Church, in this city, on Sunday last, to witness the dedication of the marble altar which has just been erected there.

—Frank Swift, who distinguished himself by his agility and swiftness upon skates, is now attempting to swiftly accumulate a fortune as a gold operator in Wall street.

—The gaming saloons of Baden, Ems, and Wiesbaden are to continue open for several years longer and not to be closed in 1870, as stipulated by the Prussian government.

—$1,600 was recently paid in London for a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. Two leaves of the book were missing, and a third was slightly mutilated.

—On some of the French railroads the *employees* are allowed, in addition to their salaries, a share in the profits. The companies find the plan works well.

—Two gentlemen prospecting along the Denver Pacific Railroad track, recently, came across a herd of 2,000 antelopes. A pretty extensive prospect.

—Oyster suppers are a recent form of devotion introduced into a church in Wallingford, Conn. They ought to have a great many converts there.

—On the 18th inst., a magnificent meteor burst over Ithaca, N. Y. It appeared to be nearly as large as the moon's disc, before it exploded.

—Portland, Me., boasts of an economical lady, who after the death of her father, took all the medicines left, that they might not be wasted.

—An industrious little miss of eleven, residing in Winnebago county, Wis., has knitted forty-eight pair of stockings during the past year.

—Cholera chickens are said to be on sale in great numbers in Philadelphia. Therefore, let everybody eat turkeys instead of chickens.

—A man in Waldoboro, Me., keeps in his family, as a souvenir, a hatchet with which an Indian brained his grandfather in 1749.

—A gentle zephyr took the roof off the Salt Lake Penitentiary the other day. Wonder what a stiff breeze would do there!

—Stephen C. Stevens, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, recently died a pauper in the Insane Asylum.

—The London, Eng., General Omnibus Company carried over twenty million passengers during the first six months of 1869.

—The Mormons are a poor set after all. The church income, as returned by Brigham Young, for last year, was only $440.

—57,210,485 Bibles and Testaments have been distributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society since its organization.

—The General Council of the University of Edinburgh has decided to admit females to study medicine in that institution.

—The Suez Canal was successfully opened last week, by the Viceroy of Egypt and his guests, with appropriate ceremonies.

—A chicken dispute was to have been held in Philadelphia on the 18th inst., but the Cruelty Society spoiled the discussion.

—Emigration from Denmark to the United States has become so extensive that it has been placed under official control.

—The Onandaga giant is highly priced. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been refused for an eighth interest in him.

—Mrs. Gen. Custar, who is accounted a good rifle shooter, accompanies her husband on his Indian campaigns.

—The Tennessee Legislative Committee has reported adversely to the ratification of the "Fifteenth Amendment."

—Providence, R. I., has raised a Miss Angelina Honeysuckle Thistledown. How will her husband get all that down?

—There was on exhibition in Washington Market, during the past week, a 500 pound hog, and a 2½ pound potato.

—Vienna proposed to build a new town hall recently, and the authorities had nine hundred plans sent in to them.

—The Legion of Honor and five medals have been presented to Jane Bretonne, who is the Ida Lewis of Dieppe, France.

—Fourteen hundred million bushels is the estimated crop of grain in the United States during the current year.

—There is a lawyer ninety-one years old in Portland, Me., who makes out his own writs and argues his own cases.

—Massachusetts is about to establish an asylum for inebriates. This don't speak well for the prohibitory laws.

—A mighty hunter of Green Bay, Wis., named Ambrose Hummel, has killed eighty-three deer already this season.

—The raw fur trade of Michigan amounts to nearly $1,000,000 per annum—most of which is done at Detroit.

—Florida is now offering $50,000, in various amounts, for the apprehension of sundry and divers murderers.

—San Rafael, a mission town, near San Francisco, Cal., amuses its inhabitants with Sunday bull fights.

—A young woman in Sedalia, Mo., recently committed suicide because her lover took her sister to a party.

—The North Pacific coddishing fleet have all returned to San Francisco. The catch counts up 1,082,000.

—There is a papier-mache church in Bergen, Germany, which will hold one thousand persons.

—The old republican wigwam at Chicago was destroyed by fire on the 13th of November.

—This city numbers among its population 60,000 Jews, who worship in twenty synagogues.

—A lady in Verden, Ill., has earned a farm of seven hundred acres by teaching school.

—The bookbinders of Washington, D. C., have organized a benevolent association.

—1,082,000 cod fish have been caught by the North Pacific cod fishing fleet this season.

—The "first shad" of the season was caught at Savannah on the 12th of November.

—The gale on the 17th is reported to have been the severest ever known on the lakes.

—A three card monte player set up his stand in Printing House Square the other day.

—It is said the tallest Americans are raised in Georgia, and the shortest in New York.

—It is thought that Jersey City, N. J., will have a paid Fire Department next year.

—A seven hundred pounds bear was recently killed in Wolfe County, Kentucky.

—Five million sermons are annually preached from the pulpits of Great Britain.

—England has to pay £111,000 yearly to support its princes and princesses.

—Victor Hugo charges five dollars for writing his autograph in an album.

—One of the attractions at the Virginia State Fair was Henry Clay's cradle.

—A calf in Virginia is given to feeding on turkeys. He ate thirteen recently.

—$250 has been given to the Yale navy to enable her to beat the Harvard.

—Ten tons of Thanksgiving poultry were exported from Block Island.

—Steam wagonettes are taking the place of velocipedes in London, Eng.

—Vermont imports black-legged South Down sheep from Canada.

—The Mississippi State Fair was opened at Jackson on the 15th inst.

—The canine population of the United States is 6,000,000.

—Austin, Texas, raises fine bananas.

Contest for the Championship of Illinois.—Snyder Beaten by Parker.—The contest between Frank Parker and Peter Snyder, set down originally for the 17th, but deferred until the 19th inst., took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago. In addition to the champion cue of Illinois, held by Parker, there was involved a stake of $300. The game was 1,200 points up, caroms, without push or crutch, single shots reckoning for three points and double ones for six. Contrary to general expectation, the contest was not close. Parker winning by 853.

APPROACH OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON.

The city of Paris, which has always claimed pre-eminence as the gayest capital upon earth, must hereafter look to its laurels if it would not have them turn to cypress and rue. In France they are gay, but they dance over a volcano. In America we are also gay, but are consistent in our gaiety, since no volcano threatens, but all is bright ahead. Formerly England was the country *par excellence* for holiday making, and it was a standing reproach that America had no holidays—being too much pre-occupied with the agreeable task of money making. Englishmen rebuke us with memories of Michaelmas, Twelfth Night, Easter and Whitsuntide, their Christmas and other religious festivals; the French take delight in their carnival, Fete St. Louis, Fete Dieu, Longchamps and the Jour de l'Arc; Ireland does homage once a year to St. Patrick; Italy has her festivals, as other lands have theirs; even "Lo, the poor Indian" claiming his share; but America now has all of these in their turn, and several which are original with her and indigenous to her soil. Thanksgiving day was but the beginning of our holiday round, which from now to the second of January will pass henceforward by the name of the "Carnival Season." An increasing sharpness in the air and the falling of the autumnal leaves warn all but the most hardy that for a few brief months their principal enjoyments and pleasures must be found in-doors, and everywhere is heard the busy note of preparation. One saunters no longer listless through the streets on the verge of evening, with mind at a loss for variety and novelty. At least twenty places of amusement throw wide their doors at one time, and music impregnates the air and seems to form part of it. Do we prefer the *casino* or *cafe concert*, we can enjoy it as in Paris or London, at a price adapted to the pockets of the pleasure seeker. Here is the legitimate beer saloon, toward which the German mind so naturally gravitates—itself a cheering scene, with its busy waiters, its innumerable animated, chatty groups, among which men of high repute in the world of art and science freely mingle, and where the buz of conversation, at times, drowns the music. Each Hall of Light, where the knights of the cue are gathered, is overflowing with excited patrons. In the world of lyric art there is unusual activity. We have had Patti in small installments; Kellogg, who has her regular set of admirers, and Miss Phillips, who has hers (although the music they sing is somewhat of the oldest). The Philarmonic Societies are fairly entered upon a series of performances which have been extensively patronized from the first. Then there is our American troupe of operatic vocalists, the Richings-Bernard company, who are now filling in the season with some delicious specimens of melody and acting. It is expected that the trips of rival agents to Europe will have secured additional attractions to appease the public's insatiable maw, and that Niblo's Garden will have its full allotment. The Olympic has in preparation its holiday material, and so throughout the list. As for the number of *soirees* in which amateur musicians and vocalists concertize for the delectation of thousands who do not patronize opera or drama, they are heard in every crowded neighborhood—leading us to wonder where such an infinitude of instrumental and vocal music is procurable, and what would be the effect if it were massed together in one monster concert. The terpsichoreans are likewise entering the field, at least one hundred societies are marshalling their battalia for the saltatorial onslaught. See, too, the skating rinks, which, after serving the turn of fairs and promenade concerts, are once more reverting to their legitimate uses. Even Sorosis is on its pins, and gives its "sociables," although not publicly as yet, and Mrs. Stanton is cavorting around in the wake of Susan Anthony, and making things merry in the lecture-room, from which they hope, eventually, to step to the forum (although we think Olive Logan is be-fore 'em in that direction). It's hard, but one can't go anywhere now without being almost knocked over by a blast from a trombone, or having his feelings disturbed by the sound of the bones and the banjo, or harrowed by the sound of the piano, or lacerated by the noise of lively feet caracoling to the music of Strauss, or caromed on by innumerable billiard cues, or stirred by the magical *houp la!* of the always crowded circus. Well, well; "let us *vivimus* while we *vivamus*," for no one can tell how soon it may be his turn to *vamos* at the suggestion of the grim monitor, and make his "carnival" (farewell to flesh) in earnest!

More About Organs.—That pleasant little squib in last week's Clipper about base ball organists seems to have touched our respected contemporary, the Brooklyn *Union*, which innocently, no doubt, and unintentionally, we presume, insinuates that the Clipper is jealous of the would-be organs, etc. Now if we thought that there was much "strength in this *Union*" we should be exceeding angry; as it is, we are serene and forgiving. But we had no idea that the *Union* was after the spoils; and as for the Clipper, lor' bless you we have not the slightest desire to be a base ball organ, because such organs are played upon by too many people, to the serious injury of the organ itself. Now, it was about a couple of years ago that a little paper called the *American Chronicle* got into the organ business, but that and other isms of its editor brought it to an early grave. It is to preserve similar organs from a like fate that we raise our warning voice. Let the *Union* and all other organic aspirants be advised in time; don't try to be base ball organs if you have no desire to be played out prematurely.

New York vs. Western Jurors.—Our coroners occasionally unearth some rather queer jurors, but we question whether any of them equal that western jury, who, in the case of a man who died suddenly from overflow of water on the heart, gave it as their opinion that the water was caused by the man's own imprudence in habitually putting too much water in his whiskey. We don't think such a verdict could be legally rendered in this city.

Female Shootist.—A young lady out west, so saith report, has just won a prize for pistol shooting. Such masculine accomplishments almost invariably win for a lady the admiration of the sterner sex. This damsel, who so skilfully shoots at a *mark*, must herself be a *mark* for the attention of the beaux, if she is still in the *mark*-et matrimonial.

What a Pity something cannot be done to stop the sale of useless imitations of useful articles. We know a man who bought a bottle of somebody's restorer, or preserver or something of the kind, to prevent *his hair from coming out*. One thing is certain, it *kept him from coming out*, by giving him the brain fever.

Bad Shot.—If everybody shot at should be hit, what work there would be for the coroners. The other day a man named *Amer Worth*, a worthless fellow, discharged a pistol at another man, but hit a street lamp some distance off, instead. It was lucky for the other man that *Worth* was such a poor *aim-er*.

A Public Speaker, in narrating something that occurred to him the other evening, remarked that it was without *precedent* in his history *before or since*. How a *precedent* can be *subsequent* to an event, is what puzzles "Our

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Sale of Racing Stock.

The retirement of Mr. Jacob J. Eckerson from the turf, on which during the past season he has been so successful with Metairie, Sanford, Fiora McIvor and others, caused the whole of his stable of thoroughbreds to be brought to the hammer. They were announced to be sold on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at Messrs. Barker and Hamblin's sale-stables on Broadway and 30th street, but the heavy rain storm having prevented the horses' arrival from Jerome Park in time for the sale, it was postponed until Saturday, the 20th inst. There was a fair attendance of the patrons of the trotting and racing turf present, but buyers were few and far between; the prospect of having to encounter the expense of wintering the animals offered deterring many who would otherwise have been purchasers. The first horse offered was the ch g Simple Simon, four years, by Simon Kenton, dam by Lexington, who has shown great promise as a hurdler this (his first) season, having been second twice in three races in capital company. He was bought cheap for $220, by Mr. G. H. Wilson, on account of Dr. J. W. Weldon, who previously owned one-half interest in him. The well known ch g Aldebaran, 9 yrs, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis, who has won a great number of races on the turf during his chequered career, only elic

THE RING.

THE CASE OF O'BALDWIN.

In our last we mentioned the reception of a telegram from Jas. D. Shea, announcing the sentencing of Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," to a term of eighteen months in the House of Correction, in Massachusetts. Our readers, of course, understand that this penalty has been inflicted upon him because of his fight with Joe Wormald—a ten minute battle—at Lynnfield, in said state, in October, 1868. He was placed upon trial for this offence on the 8th of February last (Wormald having procured straw bail and made good his escape to Canada) at Salem, and found guilty. Exceptions were filed by his counsel, but they were overruled. Ned was remanded to prison to await sentence, but through the exertions of two staunch, disinterested friends, James D. Shea and Joseph Sherer, of Boston, who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, he was released on March 3d. Since then he has been traveling over the country, giving exhibitions in the principal cities, but Ned is too free hearted, and though he made considerable money during the trip, he did not save anything, as it was hoped he would, for the purpose of "squaring" his bonds, and avoiding imprisonment. Several weeks since he returned to Boston, refusing to follow the advice of those who suggested to him to take French leave, asserting his determination to stand his trial and risk incarceration rather than allow his bondsmen to forfeit their sureties. On the 12th inst. he was called up before Judge Wilkinson, in the Superior Court, at Lawrence, but as the Judge desired to confer with the judge who tried the case in February, before passing sentence, O'Baldwin was allowed a few more days of liberty. On the morning of the 15th Ned bid his friends at the Hub good bye, and then took the train for Salem, where he met his counsel and other friends who had been working for him, and the party left by the 11:30 train for Lawrence. In the afternoon they appeared in the court room, which was well filled, among the friends of Ned being Messrs. Sherer, Shea, Jimmy Griffin, Hugh Carey and John Dougherty, all of whom did all that lay in their power to induce the authorities to accept a fine and release the giant, but their efforts were unavailing. Upon learning this Ned said to Shea, "It's all up with me, Jim, I'm certain, and expressed the belief that some outside pressure had been brought to bear with the authorities against him, saying that he was sure Mace would visit Boston within three weeks after his imprisonment. His bondsmen then told him to get out of the way and they would willingly forfeit the bail, but he, while thanking them for such a mark of friendship, declined to take advantage of the offer, being resolved that no one should suffer upon his account. At half-past four o'clock, P. M., sentence was pronounced and though O'Baldwin had reason to know beforehand that he was certain to get from eighteen months to three years in jail, yet when it came he was deeply affected and presented a picture of despondency sorrowful to contemplate; and well he might, for the few weeks which he had previously passed in a cell at Salem was still fresh in his memory, and all know how seriously that brief term operated upon his constitution. Great sympathy is expressed for O'Baldwin, the more so that Wormold goes "scot free," and it is expected that the efforts still being made for him by his friends at the Hub and other parts of the Bay State will result in his release in a couple of months.

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN NOVICES.

WALKER DEFEATS NOLAN.

A contest which had been upon the *tapis* for several weeks previous took place in Kansas on the 15th inst., between Charley Walker and Peter Nolan, for $250 a side, at catch-weight. The little steamer Zephyr bore a large crowd from the levee at Kansas City and Wyandotte to the scene. The spot selected was a sand bar in the river near Parkville. The boat rounded to, the stakes were driven and the ropes adjusted. The two combatants were nearly matched as to size, the advantage in weight being with Nolan. The latter was the favorite. The crowd numbered some two hundred. Ed. McGrann was stakeholder, and Dan Ward referee. In the first round both seemed at first to display their knowledge of the art rather than to do any hard work. Several scientific passes and parries were made, Nolan showing the greater skill. Except a blow on the cranium, Nolan got no touch. Clinching, Nolan brought Walker to the ground. Betting at this time was largely in favor of Nolan. The second round was sanguinary, little hard hitting being done, but in a clinch both were down. The third round was a well contested one. The advantage appeared to be with Nolan, notwithstanding his shortness of wind. Walker in this round got the severest punishment. Nolan got in a left hander on the ribs and was following his advantage when Walker clinched and both fell. In the fourth round Nolan's eye was closed by a terrific counter, which really decided the fight—both men were knocked down. Nolan was brought in puffing from exhaustion. In the fifth round Nolan fought wildly, his closed eye affecting the sight of the other; he could not see where to strike, nor did he have the strength to combat successfully further. Walker's superior endurance began to tell; still Nolan was pluck to the last, and with more strength in his arms than in his legs he succeeded in getting in a powerful blow on Walker's breast that came near finishing the fight, knocking Walker against the ropes, which saved him. Recovering, Walker hit Nolan some telling blows, finally throwing him. It was evident that Nolan had but little further endurance left. The sixth round finished the contest, Nolan having no show. His blindness and weakness gave Walker the chance to strike where he pleased. Nolan was knocked down and carried to his corner in a limp condition. On time being called on the seventh round Nolan, with true grit, tried to advance, but fell almost senseless by his chair, when the sponge was thrown up. The crowd, many under the impression that Nolan was mortally injured, rapidly dispersed, Walker walking to the boat and Nolan being carried by his seconds senseless to his state-room. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner. A collection was taken up for the vanquished, Walker carrying around the hat himself. The winner hails from the Empire State, is thirty-two years of age, five feet five inches in height, and weighed 133 pounds. He is a gas-fitter and plumber by trade, this being his first appearance in the ring. His nasal organ is rather large, and as prominent a characteristic it is of Miss Joe Coburn. Peter Nolan was employed at Eldridge's Broadway Hotel, but gave up his position in order to enter the fistic arena. He is twenty-three years of age, five feet six inches in height and weighed 140 pounds. His trainer was Henry Smith, proprietor of the Globe saloon on the levee.

KENNY DEFEATS LANE.

For some time the attention of the admirers of the P. R. in England has been occupied in discussing the merits and demerits of the combatants in a match at 9 stone 4 pounds, between Lane, who is well known to pugilistic members of the *Corps Pugilistique*, known as Kenny (the shoeblack) and Young Lane. From the time the match was ratified speculation became somewhat brisk at evens, though in a few instances slight odds were laid on Kenny. We have not space to enter into minute details of the past performances of the belligerents, *albeit* both have accredited themselves with several victories, and, up to the present, each were undefeated. Thomas Kenny (*alias* the Shoeblack), who was first ushered into life in the year 1844, and claims a village in Roscommon county, Ireland, as his birth place, is 5 feet 5 inches in height and on Nov. 1st would weigh about 9 stone. For the encounter under notice he was placed under the watchful eye of the well known old ped and trainer Tom Sheridan, of Shelton, and by him was brought to the acme of perfection, each muscle of his body standing out in bold relief, whilst his hide was as hard as a board. He sported a very neat and appropriate bandana, white ground with green flowers in centre, and a border of ears of wheat intertwined. Tom Lane is nephew to the renowned Hammer Lane. He is a native of Birmingham, and was born on the 21st of April, 1844. He stands 5ft. 6½in., and scaled on Nov. 1st, 9st. 7lb. He was trained in the neighborhood of Aintree, under the watchful eye of an old and experienced trainer of the Birmingham fancy, and had for his colors a very handsome wipe—puce, variegated border and spots. The toss for choice of place of weighing and fighting was won by the backer of Lane, and that ceremony, which was witnessed by a very large concourse of spectators, was very satisfactorily conducted, both men passing the balance with a little in hand. Immediately on the result being made known speculation commenced with the utmost vigor, even money being betted to an amount seldom invested in Liverpool on a fight. Late on the evening of the 1st, it was made known to the talent that the rendezvous would be away down the North End, but the destination was kept a secret. On the following morning the ring was pitched near Hightown, the intended boat being dispensed with, and 34 rounds were fought in 1 hour 8 minutes. Lane obtained first blood, and had all the best of it for 29 rounds, after which Kenny took the lead, and eventually won a severe and well contested fight.

FIGHT BETWEEN DARKIES.—In a recent issue we mentioned that a scrapping match had been projected between a couple of dark skinned denizens of Wilmington, Del., named respectively Larry and Marsh. The affair was brought to a climax on the 11th inst., on the same ground where Collyer and Kelly fought. Larry gained first blood in the opening round and Marsh the first knock down in the next. The 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th rounds were in Larry's favor, but Marsh had the best of the next three, in each of which he sent Larry to gravel. In the 10th round Marsh received a terrific smash on the left orb, completely closing that organ. Larry now had the upper hand, both men fighting with determination and administering severe punishment until the 15th round, when Larry struck foul and the fight was given to Marsh. There were about six hundred persons present. The men are to fight again for $200 a side, we hear, on New Year's Day. Charley Hall seconded Larry and Sam Nebeker looked after Marsh.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."—Wm. P. Rielly, now awaiting trial for his late fight with Cannon, complains bitterly of the parties who urged him on in the fight; and after he had gratified them by consenting to the "mill," thereby affording them sport and covering himself with "fistic glory" by his virtual defeat of Cannon, and then being hauled up by the strong arm of the law, and left to work out his own salvation as best he may—he thinks is hard. He asserts that he has been badly used by his pretended friends, who used him as a tool to make money, and now, having no further use for him, allow him to lie in prison in default of $500 bail. Reilly is an Irishman by birth, aged twenty-four years, and came to America when he was five years of age, and with his parents resided in Baltimore. Luck is life!

ALLEN AND MCCOOLE.—The past week has not developed anything fresh relative to the recent *fiasco* between Tom Allen and Mike McCoole, the denunciations so freely uttered and widely published of the course pursued by the latter having failed to excite in his breast sufficient spirit to induce him to make any overtures for a fresh match, or encourage proposals from the other side. Had he had the courage to face Allen on the 10th inst., he might have avoided the stigma which now attaches to him, even though he had been defeated.

THE BENEFIT (?) gotten up for Ned James at City Hall, Pittsburgh, on the night of the 13th inst was, like the others preceding it since his return, a failure, netting him the trifling sum of $54. To the Hamill Brothers, who worked hard to make it a success, and others who assisted, Mr. James desires to return his sincere thanks. It was a great disappointment to all interested.

BILLY EDWARDS AND DOONEY HARRIS intend giving a series of exhibitions in the Bay State during the current week. Halls have been secured at the following places:—Springfield, 25th; Holyoke, 26th, and Westfield, 27th. Dan Dwyer and a number of others, of local fame, will assist. If their expectations are realized in those places they purpose extending their trip.

HUGH CAREY, of Salem, Mass., and a man named Collins (whether it was "Cast Iron Charley" or not, we cannot say), had a turn-up of four rounds in the Essex Hotel, Lawrence, Mass., on the night of the 18th inst., both having been "keeping Thanksgiving." Carey knocked his antagonist down in each round, but the police interfered and stopped it.

TOM LANE challenges Kenny to fight again at 130 lbs. for $50 a side.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Sandwich, C. W., on the 19th inst., says that Jimmy Elliott had been confined in the jail at that place (instead of at Windsor, as previously stated), for two weeks, charged with robbing a man in Michigan. Elliott had an attack of *delirium tremens* before his imprisonment, and required the services of a doctor.

JOHNNY LAZARUS was "double-banked" in a saloon in the Quaker City a few evenings since, we are told, and badly beaten, one of his eyes being gouged out, and other serious injuries inflicted by his assailants. He was also robbed of a valuable black and tan dog, a diamond pin and about $70 in money.

PEDESTRIANISM.

LONG DISTANCE HANDICAP.

The walking handicap hitherto alluded to came off at the Boston Skating Rink last week, the distance walked being, the managers state, a measured one hundred miles, though the public are accustomed to make allowances for exaggeration in this respect, and we fancy they have reason to do so in this instance. The contestants started on Wednesday evening, 17th inst., as follows:—Dinsmore, of South Boston, color red, 8.30; Daniels, of Roxbury, light blue, 8.35; Giblin, of Grab Village, purple, 8.45; Taylor, of Portland, Me., 9.00; Miles, green, 9.06; Oddy, dark blue, and McCann, of Albany, magenta, 9.20. By this it will be seen that the latter two allowed the first starter fifty minutes. Miles was not in trim for walking, he said, and after covering a mile in 7:43 he withdrew. At half past nine o'clock Dinsmore and Daniels had completed 6 miles, less 200 yards; Giblin, 4¾ miles; Taylor, 3 miles; Oddy and McCann, 1 mile and 300 yards. At 12 o'clock the distance traveled by each of the competitors was as follows:—Dinsmore, 20 miles; Daniels, 15⅛ miles; Oddy, 17¾ miles; McCann, 16½ miles; Giblin, 16¾ miles; Taylor, 19½ miles. After walking 35 miles Oddy was leading Taylor nearly two miles; Dinsmore three miles behind Taylor, and Daniels and McCann eight miles behind the leading man. Giblin fell out at the 25th mile, and after McCann had completed his 26th he followed him, narrowing down the contest to four men. Oddy completed his fortieth mile in 8.53; Taylor was second, 1½ miles behind; Dinsmore was two miles behind Taylor. Oddy accomplished his 50th mile in 10.45, rest included—walking time, 8.45. Taylor was 1¼ miles behind him, followed by Dinsmore 3¼ miles farther behind, and Daniels several miles behind either. A rest was then taken by the first three men, when Daniels closed up much of his lost ground. After the men had resumed and walked a couple of miles, Oddy was obliged to stop ten minutes to change his shoes, during which time his opponents gained about a mile. He soon made up his lost ground, however. Daniels now dropped out, having accomplished 55 miles. At 11.30 Oddy had completed 62¾ miles, Taylor 61 and Dinsmore 55¾. Another rest of nearly an hour was taken by the men at this point, which was followed by quite a lively race when the men again came on the track. At 2.55 Thursday afternoon Oddy had finished 76 miles and Taylor nearly 73, Dinsmore several miles behind. The one hundred miles was, according to the time-keeper's report, completed by Oddy, at 8.27, accomplishing the distance in 23.12. Taylor kept on and completed his one hundred miles in 23.52. Shortly after 8 o'clock Dinsmore withdrew from the contest, having walked eighty-eight miles. Taylor's feet were very badly blistered, and he stated that they had been so from his sixtieth mile. He was otherwise in good condition. Oddy appeared to be in good condition, as did also Dinsmore. Taylor had still 3¾ miles to make to complete the distance when Oddy finished. The conditions were that to win either of the three prizes offered, the competitor must walk one hundred miles inside of twenty-four hours, and the prizes consisted of a silver cup and $100 to the first, $70 to the second, and $30 to the third best. Jack Goulding was judge and referee and G. A. Houghton time-keeper.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF RHODE ISLAND.

A "dark run" has lately made his appearance at Providence, R. I., and has taken several of the local peds thereaway into camp in handy shape, as will be noted from the communication which appears below. We have every reason to believe that the successful pedestrian is none other than Wm. Adsetts, who, a few weeks ago, defeated Wm. Young in a dash of 150 yards at Paterson, N. J., and decamped with the $400 depending upon the contest.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 19, 1869.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—For some weeks past there has been considerable interest among our sporting community in regard to the presence in this city of a reputed fast short distance English runner. His name is William Williams, and although he claims Providence now as his residence, it is but a short time since he has lived here. He has managed to gather around him a large number of backers, who will "go" good money upon every match he may make. About two weeks ago this Williams made a match with Ezra C. Slocum, of New Bedford, to run one hundred yards, for $100 a side. This match, which took place at the once famous Washington Park, in South Providence, was won easily by Williams, but the time was fourteen seconds. Thereupon the friends of John McMahon, a noted Irish runner of Pawtucket, in this state, thought he could beat that time, and beat Williams, as he had run several races successfully during the fall. So a match was made for Thanksgiving day between William Williams and John McMahon for a foot race of one hundred yards, for $500 a side, the winner to take the championship of Rhode Island. Washington Park was filled on this occasion by a large number of the friends of the contestants, and money flowed like water in bets. From the first Williams was decidedly the favorite in the betting, three to one being offered on him and rapidly taken by the friends of McMahon. It has been estimated that McMahon's backers put out four or five thousand dollars on him, and the backers of Williams had plenty of stamps to cover everything that was offered. At one o'clock both men appeared on the track, stripped for the trial of speed. Williams, a tall, slim young man, but with smooth and well rounded legs, looking the very picture of grace, agility and speed; McMahon, shorter, stouter, and not so elegantly formed, yet showing care in training and perhaps more endurance than quickness. That McMahon was overmatched by Williams one could see at a glance. He had not his easy spring, his rapid way of leaping over the ground and his hard muscles. As soon as both men appeared, ready for the contest, there was a great betting on the part of McMahon's friends, who evidently saw that he was overmatched. But to the work the men went, and, after trying three times for a fair start, they were sent off by the firing of a pistol. Williams struck into a long easy stride, which put him at the lead from the first few steps and he kept it, winning the race in a very graceful and easy manner. McMahon did steady, good work, but his attempts were futile. He could not reach Williams once during the heat, and he came in nine feet in the rear. The time of the race was rather indefinite, as the time-keeper's watch failed, and two times were announced—one 13¼ and the other 10¼ seconds. The first time is generally accepted one. McMahon's friends were sorely disappointed at the result of this race, and, as a natural consequence, Williams' friends were in a state of jubilation. Several of our expert *foot men* are talking of giving Williams a trial, finding it hard to give up the idea that a young and almost unknown man in this community; but it will be hard to beat the present champion for by nature he seems to be just adapted for his work. J. W. M.

FROM PATERSON TO HOBOKEN.

Several weeks since the announcement appeared that Mickey Wakefield, of Paterson, N. J., had matched an Unknown to walk from that place to Washington street, Hoboken, over the same route taken by Dave Cahill, an amateur, when he ran the distance—about 15½ miles, scant—in 2 hours and 30 minutes. It appears that the gentleman who backed time discovered, however, that the Unknown was none other than James Smith, who had won the long distance championship in July, and, being assured by friends that Smith could easily accomplish the feat, he preferred forfeiting the $25 up to going on with the match. Those who were interested upon the other side, however, now that the affair had been advertised, determined to make something out of it, and accordingly the public were led to believe that the match was still "on," as originally made. Accordingly, on the 15th inst., Smith started, being accompanied by a large number of persons in vehicles for a considerable distance, while a pretty strong delegation accompanied him all the way. Save that there was considerable dust, the road was in fine condition, the weather favorable, and those who knew what Smith had repeatedly done before and had faith in the *bona fide* character of the match, bet their money freely upon him, though there were but two or three (who, it seems, were "in the secret") who cared to bet against him. It is needless for us to give a detailed description of the tramp—let it suffice to know that, to the astonishment of all who know the man, (at least as far as his walking powers are concerned,) he failed to perform his task, though by how much he lost does not exactly transpire; indeed, some assert that he actually did accomplish his journey inside the time specified, but that the time-keeper chose to misrepresent matters, in order to save the money he and his friends had put out against the ped. We were not present in *propria personæ* and therefore cannot speak positively in regard to the affair, but from all that we have heard it appears to have been a swindle of the very blackest kind, and has lost Smith some good friends, several of whom he recently accompany him to the trial and then "put them in the hole." We clip the following from the Paterson *Daily Guardian* of the 16th inst.:—

The walking match to Hoboken yesterday was generally set down as a sell by all who witnessed it, so far as we can learn. The walklost it by a few minutes, evidently by a prearranged arrangement. We were privately told how it would be yesterday, and so grossly improper was it in its consummation that no time would be given at the end of the route. Some said he lost it by 13, and others by 8 and others by 3 minutes. There were symptoms of a rich amongst the losers at the great fraud practiced, and a number refused to accompany the walkist to the Hoboken Hotel. Bets were not paid yesterday, and it is likely the money will be withdrawn. We are assured by all who saw the affair that it was a fraud throughout, and was duly arranged and carried out to swindle folks. Our folks will know better who not to trust hereafter. All bets should be declared off. "Time" has not yet been called. Mr. Langwith and Mr. Russel say the fellow cheated himself in the sell, and actually did win the walk, Mr. L. says by 1¼ minutes, and Mr. Russel by 2½. This was the reason no time was called. After the last 8 minutes were called this side of the toll gate, he could not possibly have used up 8 minutes. All hands we have seen agree that it was a barefaced sell on the part of the managers.

WALKING MATCH.—This match, which was decided at the Hackney Wick grounds, London, Eng., on the 1st inst., was one in which George Davison, of Hoxton, had agreed to walk Tom Woodman, of Hackney Wick, two hours, and allow him five miles start, for £5 a side, on condition that the last named should compete in an ordinary working man's suit of clothes and boots, while Davison could go in racing gear. It must be remembered that Woodman completed his 44th year on the 9th of May last, and that Davison only attained a quarter of a century on the 2d of last September. George, too, was in splendid condition, as he was matched to walk 21 miles in three hours on Nov. 16, his weight being only 10st. 4lb., whilst his opponent draws the scale at 11st. 12lb. On the ground being measured, it was found that Davison had to allow his antagonist exactly 34 laps, and he having been credited with that number they were dispatched to an even start. Woodman surprised his warmest admirers, for he completed the first mile in 10min. 37sec., two miles in 21min 40sec., three miles in 32min. 24 2-5sec, four miles in 43min 24sec, and five miles in 54min. 35sec.; Davison's time being—one mile 7min. 4sec., two miles 14min. 52 2-5sec, three miles 22min. 50 2-5sec., four miles 30min. 30 4-5 sec., five miles 39min. 29 3-5 sec., six miles 47min. 24 2-5sec., seven miles 54min 11sec., and eight miles in 1 hour 2min. 3-5sec. Finding that pursuit was hopeless Davison gave up when he had walked 80 yards farther than the eight mile mark, his opponent having just completed 72 laps, reckoning the 34 given.

QUARTER OF A MILE RACE.—There was a strong muster of sporting men in the Queen street avenue, Toronto, C. W., on the 13th inst., gathered to witness the running of a 440 yards race, for $100 a side, between George Forbes, of Woodstock, (who lately challenged Young and Adsetts through our columns) and Scholes, of the former Canada. When the men stripped they exhibited a striking contrast in appearance—the Toronto representative being stout and fleshy about the body, a perfect athlete rather than a runner, and the other showing every point that a runner is supposed to possess. On the ground, Forbes' friends offered to bet $100 to $50 on their man. Betting was very quiet, every one having a high opinion of Scholes, but being equally well aware of Forbes' prowess as one of the best runners in America. The start was effected by giving the word "go," and for two hundred yards the men kept well abreast, when Forbes put on a spurt, led, increased the lead and came in a winner by about five or six yards. The time was taken with a split-second stop watch at 54 seconds exactly. It has been generally supposed that Scholes is in reality J. Wesley Cozad, the celebrated western runner, but a correspondent asserts that such is not the case, stating that Cozad has for some time been stopping at Woodstock, where he had been practising daily with Forbes prior to the race.

FITZGERALD VS. FITZPATRICK.—The match between these men, to run one mile at the Fashion Course, L. I., on the 16th prox., for $500 a side, goes on all right, the second deposit having been made good by both parties on the 19th inst., as called for by the articles. The men are working steadily, and, though neither have hitherto figured prominently on our soil, they are reputed to possess much more than ordinary powers of locomotion and a fast race may be looked for. Fitzgerald trains near this city and Fitzpatrick in the suburbs of the Quaker City.

CHARLES T. FORRESTER is said to have walked from the Market street depot, Newark, N. J., to the ferry house at Jersey City, over the route taken by the Newark and New York omnibus line, in one hour and thirty minutes, including three minutes stoppage at the drawbridge over the Passaic river, on the 15th inst.

JIM SMITH states that he was so much impeded by the deep sand in his walk from Paterson to Hoboken, last week, that he could not accomplish his task. He indignantly denies the allegations that it was a "put up job."

JAMES ADAMS AND JOHN HAYDOCK have postponed their twenty-five mile walking match until the 29th inst., when it will take place at the Skating Rink, Newark, N. J.—perhaps.

WE HAVE LETTERS for John Haydock, Wm. H. Young and James Frawley.

LA CROSSE.—On Thanksgiving Day the Knickerbocker Club, of Brooklyn took a trip to Troy to play a series of games with the Mohawk Club, of that place. The meeting took place on the grounds of the "Haymakers" where a large crowd had gathered to witness the novel sport. Three games were contested, all of which were won by the Knickerbockers. The first two games were sharply contested, the first occupying 26 minutes, and the second 16. The third and last was decided in four minutes. The most friendly spirit was manifested throughout by the players, and at times the spectators evinced their appreciation of the game by the most hearty applause.

DEER AND OTHER GAME is reported abundant in Oregon and California. The cold weather and deep snows have forced the animals to leave their usual haunts and seek for food in the valleys. In Trinity County, Cal., one hunter lately killed nine fat bucks and another captured one which weighed, when dressed, one hundred and forty pounds. Six deer were recently killed by another man in one day within sight of the town of Red Bluff, Tehama county.

DIED.—Henry Hibbert, a gentleman well known to sportsmen in Sheffield, Eng., and neighborhood, died on the 1st inst., the immediate cause of death being the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs. For some years he acted as correspondent of the London *Sporting Life*.

MASTER BOB ON ANIMALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

HORSES.

Horses is a animal. They wear four legs and four feet, but don't wear any toes. As they kant tie on their shoes, they have them nailed on to their feet, so they needn't take 'em off, and they aint no bother. Their feet are so heavy, that if they could do a clog dance they needn't to bring any wooden shoes. Horses is got a pretty big mouth and a orful tongue, and werry big teeth, and when he laffs his big teeths look werry funny. Whenever he goes out ridin he has a piece of iron put in his mouth to steer him. He chews this iron and makes froth come out of his mouth. I wish I could go out a ridin as much as a horse. Horses is got a nice big tale, made of horse-hair, which he swings against the flies. I wonder how he makes it swing.

Horses is healthy cos they are so regiar. They don't often git drunk, and I never saw a horse smoke, except after he'd been running pretty fast. Their grub, however, is werry poor. They don't git nothin but straw and such orful stuff. Their bed is made of straw, and when they git hungry at night they chew their bed. You musn't fool with a horse, cos he might kick you in the belly, and if he does give you a square kick, you must double yourself up right away, and you won't fool with a horse any more.

Sum horses git borky, and won't move. Then they git licked like thunder, and then they won't move yet. Then they get tied to another horse, and gits pulled home, and don't git no supper that night.

Sum horses gits the blind staggers. This is putty hard. They shake themselves orful, and take a rest on the ground. Then somebody puts a bottle of brandy in their throat. The horse swallows it, and makes out it din't do him no good. Cos horses is putty smart, and he wants some more. But he gits fooled on that, cos when they see it didn't do him no good they cut out a big slice of his tongue, and he bleeds so much he gits seared, and soon gits over it, and he kant never lick out his mouth again after a plate of straw, because his tongue is spoiled. Horses mostly always wears the same clothes. He has got a putty big nose, and he makes a orful noise when he blows it, but he don't use no handkerchief.

Sum horses can run a mile in less than 2 minutes. Sum kant. Most on 'em kant.

Car horses is got smaller mouths nor other horses, cos they don't git steered much, so they don't git the sides of their mouth pulled back much.

It is a nice thing to go horse back riding, on the top of a horse's back. If he didn't go quick enuff, you can kick him in the belly with your heels, and he kant kick you back, cos he kant reach up high enuff.

But if you make him mad he kin chuck you off pretty good. Taint very nice to be chucked off, cos he can kill you if he knows how to chuck you all right. If I had to be a horse I'd be a circus horse, cos they can go to the circus every night and don't pay nothin. They git fixed up putty nice and git good grub. I bet you they aint satisfied to eat straw. They don't have to work much, only to carry young fellers and nice gals, which is a putty soft thing, especially the last. But there aint no roses without thorns, and the circus horse is got a thorn in the person of a orful big whip, which the man always slaps at him.

A coal cart is the worst business a horse can get in. When a horse kant run enny more he is put in a coal cart, which is a ruff job.

Stage horses aint very putty, but they're good. When they git tired they trip themselves up, and fall down and have a little rest. They are pretty smart.

DOGS.

Dogs is littler than horses. They is the most faithfullest brute out there is. They stick to you more than enny other brute, 'cept a muskeeter. Evry one likes dogs, but for my part I don't see what they was made for 'cept to ketch fleas and bite you in the leg. Dogs ain't got no first name. They only got one name, and they ain't more than 6 dog names altogether in the dikshunnary. The man wot invented dogs' names didn't have much to do. It is a wery funny thing that all mizabul little dogs wot kant run, and wot ain't got any teeth, is called Danger, Lion, Tiger and such like heavy names.

Dogs must have good stummicks, cos they're always eatin when they git a chance. I never saw a dog refuse to eat with other dogs and he is washed and ironed every day.

The ladies luv him and hug him all the time. I'd like to be a King Charles sum times.

Dogs is good to run after sticks. They won't run unless you first spit on the stick. I wonder why they won't.

CATS.

Cats is the meanest of all insects. They ain't sociible like dogs. If you even throw a cat off a roof, he'll git mad at you and scratch you when he gits a chance, and he don't even like you to spit tobacker juice in his eyes. Cats is a heavy old singer at night when he meets his friends on the roof. Cats is a home brute. I don't think I ever saw a man take a cat out for a walk, like a dog. His clorz is pretty sharp and he hides them in his toes. Cats is very suspicious. If they see you take a stone and aim at them, they sneak away and they think you're going to throw at them. Cats can't speak much—only one word—and that is "Meow." Dogs can say "How," it hows "Neigh." *Moral.*—The wonder of human nature, cos if they all spoke the same word how hard it would be to tell one animal from another when they spoke.

* THE "FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST" is a South American production, which people in this part of the world are trying to raise and naturalize. The flower is a creamy white egg, nearly as large as half an egg and extremely beautiful. What constitutes its extraordinary character and its wonder as as a natural floral growth, is the fact that in this flower is a little pure white dove, with pink bill and eyes, and it head turned as if looking over its back. Its wings, feet, bill, &c., are as absolutely perfect as those of the living dove, whose counterpart this wonderful mimic vegetable is said to be.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—You wear out your clothes. You are not troubled with visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Tax gatherers hurry past your door. No one ever thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. Impostors know it is of no use to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears. You have saved many a debt, many a decoction, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to know it.

A POPULAR DRINK IN JAPAN.—The popular beverage in Japan is "saki," an alcoholic distillation of rice. It resembles the Chinese "sampshu" and the "arack" of Hindostan. Concerning its use among the Japanese, I have never seen anything unpleasant result from it; but its effect on the European sailor is invariably pernicious to the highest degree, and whenever he passes a certain limit in its use, he becomes a confirmed drunkard. We may presume that the natives avoid drinking it to excess; or if they do not, their disposition may be of a nature too quiet to show similar effects.

A CURIOUS typographical error recently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated, "The deceased bore an accidental character and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
STANDING ROOM ONLY.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. SHOO FLY, DON'T BODDER ME.
Bryants' Minstrels. 14th street. DAN BRYANT. 34-1t*

FRENCH THEATRE.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS.
14th street, corner 6th av., 3 minutes' walk from Broadway.
C. W. TAYLEURE.....Lessee and Manager.
A GREAT HIT—CROWDED HOUSES.
The magnificent scenes of London Bridge, Charing Cross and London Docks encored two and three times every night.
THE GREATEST SCENIC DRAMA
yet presented in New York—M. Leslie and J. S. Clarke's English Romantic Drama,
LONDON; THE GREAT CITY. LONDON;
LONDON; LONDON;
Second week of its production. Every scene imported. A Panorama of London streets.
AS GOOD AS A TRIP TO LONDON.
Clara Jennings, F. C. Thorpe, Lewis Baker, E. Righton, C. T. Parsloe, jr., J. G. Boyd, A. Fitzgerald, H. B. Phillips, Wm. Rhad and others in the great cast.
MATINEES 1½ EVERY SATURDAY. 34-1t

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Under the management of AUGUSTIN DALY. BEGINS AT 8.
A WEEK OF BRILLIANT COMEDIES.
Monday, Nov. 22—LONDON ASSURANCE.
Tuesday, Nov. 23—A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS
Wednesday, Nov. 24—OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.
Thursday, Nov. 25—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND. } five times in
Friday, Nov 26—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND } five years.
Saturday, Nov. 27—A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.
MATINEE Nov. 27—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.
Monday, Nov. 29—DADDY GRAY 34-1t

THE MOST SUPERB FIGURE
IN THE WORLD,
admitted by the Press and Public everywhere she appears, is
RITA PERCY.
The chaste and elegant statuesque performer, who terminates her engagement in Washington on the 27th, and proceeds to Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, November 29. Managers of first-class variety theatres only can secure this great star by addressing NED JAMES, Business Manager, N. Y. Clipper Office. 34-1t*

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.
Mother Goose in the Shadowy Pantomime. Dialogue, Figures and everything complete to form a Miniature Theatre, for Parlor Amusements. Sent, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents. THOMAS YATES, 29 Avenue "D," New York. Agents wanted everywhere. 34-3t*

CHARLES O'MALLEY,
THE IRISH DRAGOON, the most successful Irish Drama of the day, now playing with immense success at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, New York. Ms. copies for sale. Apply to J. Morton Wood's Museum, N. Y. Also, copies of the Lydia Thompson burlesques of Ixion, Ernani, and Forty Thieves 34-1t*

MR. FRANK MELROSE,
of Niblo's, Winter Garden, New York, and principal London and Provincial Theatres, can now arrange with responsible managers for the production of his new drama, entitled "Wilford Darlei;" also, at liberty, for long or short engagements, to play the Necromancer. Address, No. 323 West 42d street, New York. 34-1t*

EMERSON AND MANNING'S
MINSTRELS, DEARBORN THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILL., open for the season. First-class specialties will please address their only authorized agents. THOMPSON & RIGGS,
34-4t* 513 Broadway, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT PLAYS,
send stamp for new descriptive catalogue of over 5,000, to
34-13t* W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
International Dramatic, Musical and Equestrian Agency,
NO. 609 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED TO FACILITATE ENGAGEMENTS, BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS AND PROFESSIONAL NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN MANAGERS, ARTISTES, AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS IN AMERICA.
LOWELL & SIMMONDS are sole authorized Agents for the following distinguished artistes:—
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
MR. JOHN COLLINS,
MR. PHIL. ROGERS,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
MARY GLADSTANE,
MISS MARIE SEOTT,
ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS,
(CHRISTINE, EMELINE AND ALICE),
MRS. ETTIE HENDERSON,
MLLE. ZOE,
MISS KATE FISHER,
MRS. EMMA WALLER,
MR. AND MRS. H. WATKINS,
MORLACCHI BALLET TROUPE,
CLODOCHE TROUPE,
MLLE. BONFANTI,
MLLE. DE ROSA,
MLLE. LUPO,
MLLE. FEPITA,
MLLE. SANDA,
MLLE. ADAH,
MLLE. DIANA,
MLLE VENTUROLI,
MLLE. WESMAEL,
MONS. NOVISSIMO,
MONS. BAPTISTAIN,
MONS. MARVIG,
MONS. ADRIAN,
MONS. WIETHOFF,
MLLE. TURNOUR,
Queen of the Air,
MONS. VENTINI AND
MLLE. ZULELIA,
The Wondrous
RIZZARELLI BROTHERS,
VICTORELLI BROTHERS.
All business communications relative to engagements of the above named artistes must be addressed to the undersigned.
LOWELL & SIMMONDS are sole authorized agents for the
NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.....SAN FRANCISCO.
BARRETT & MCCULLOUGH.....Managers
BOSTON THEATRE.....BOSTON.
J. B. BOOTH.....Manager
BOSTON MUSEUM.....BOSTON.
R. M. FIELD.....Manager
SELWYN'S THEATRE.....BOSTON.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Manager
ARCH STREET THEATRE.....PHILADELPHIA.
MRS. JOHN DREW.....Directress
WALNUT STREET THEATRE.....PHILADELPHIA.
MCVICKER'S THEATRE.....CHICAGO.
McVICKER & MEYERS.....Managers.
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.....CHICAGO.
C. D. HESS & CO.....Managers
OPERA HOUSE.....PITTSBURGH.
HENDERSON & CANNING.....Managers.
DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE.....ST. LOUIS.
B. DE BAR.....Manager.
OLYMPIC THEATRE.....ST. LOUIS.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.....NEW ORLEANS.
NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.....

THE MINSTREL'S DOOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. M. T.

The night is still, the stars are out, the moon beams o'er the way,
The nightingales have sank to rest, the drop worm ceased his play;
The oysters' chirp hath long been hushed, their eyes are closed in sleep,
When, forth from yonder sample room, five spectral forms doth creep.

They glide along with matchless ease, each movement filled with grace,
And halt before a brown stone front, a quiet looking place.
'Twas then I noticed something which I had not seen before—
Each one of these mysterious forms clutched something in its claw.

One spectre had a violin—he stood first in the row—
Another had a huge trombone, also an "ole bango;"
Two others followed close behind; one grasped a "G" sharp flute,
Whilst the last of all the wanderers had brought along "ye lute."

The instants placed themselves in line, their instruments in tune,
Prepared to give an overture by light of the silv'ry moon;
The fiddle breaks the silence round, which heretofore did reign,
Then banjo, lute and old trombone joined in with might and main.

Their overture was ended, but their struggles were in vain—
Their "little dear" was sound asleep; they thought they'd try again.
Up spoke he of the violin:—"Methinks you all are wrong;
I'll bet five cents she'd rather hear some operatic song."

The minstrels struck an attitude, and he of violin
Took off his hat and wiped his nose, the opera to begin;
The words were quite pathetic and with true feeling rung—
The minstrels played accompaniment, and this is what he sung:—

"The old man stood at his peanut stand, his bark was on the sea;
'Twas years ago since last we met, but faithful there stood he;
He loved not whiskey but too well, his name was McIlroy,
So he invested his money in cemet'ry lots and took a trip to Troy."

Behold! the window rises, the blinds are now thrown wide—
The viol stops his warbling, for his darling he has spied;
'Twas then the banjo minstrel thought he'd do the handsome thing,
And, deftly tuning up his base, he sacrificed the string.

But what is that descending from the window up above?
It's nothing but an ewer she has sent to prove her love.
The viol ran to catch it as he held his hands on high,
But he proved to be a muffin, for he caught it on the eye.

A pail of slops, a hod of bricks and boot-jacks, too, came down;
They smote the hapless troubadors upon the hip and crown.
At last, by one unerring brick, the viol gets a smack—
He doubles up without a groan and sinks upon his back.

A broken sigh escapes his lips, the warrior he is dead—
The minstrels see his body fall and note his ghastly head;
They gently lift his corpus up—between them it is borne—
While screams of tears roll down their cheeks and settle on their horn.

They bear it from the fatal spot with solemn, measured pace,
And gradually they fade from sight and disappear in space.
The good folks close their window and the keepsakes cease to fall,
And nought remains to tell the tale of that fearful midnight squall.

AN UNLUCKY MAN'S SON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ON THE SQUARE.

"No use, boys, asking me to chuck the dips. Never touched 'em in my life but what they floored me. Give 'em up years ago, and every other game what's got nothing but luck into it. Chances always went dead agin me whenever I went for 'em, and I don't trust to 'em any more."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt looking man—hard rough and tough as a hickory knot. His age it would have been difficult to guess. If no younger than he seemed, he was not far from a hundred years old. Pete Price, as he was called, was habitually down upon his luck—never missing an opportunity to grumble at its continual meanness. Knowing this peculiarity of Pete's, the boys of Stumptown never caught him at "The Roysterer's Retreat" without bantering him to throw dice or play some game for the drinks. An occasion of this kind had drawn out Pete, as above quoted.

"'Tain't no use," he continued; "if you was to give me two chucks to you fellers' one, I wouldn't shake, Mary once. Been there before, and for the last time, too. A man with my mean luck ain't got no license to take the chances. Told you so often enough, ain't I?"

"Pete," said one of the crowd, answering to the name of Joe, "you are always preaching to us about your mean luck, trying to make us think you never struck a streak in all your born days. Tell that to somebody that don't know better—don't tell it to *me*."

"What do *you* know to the contrary of anything I've said?" demanded Pete.

"There was a horse-race once upon a time," replied Joe, looking hard at Pete, "when a certain man took the odds of a hundred to ten. The horse that the odds was laid on was a clean distance ahead, and coming in, as every one thought, a sure winner, when all of a sudden he let down in a forelep, and—well, a certain man won a hundred dollars. Shall I tell you the man's name?"

"Mean me, of course," answered Pete. "But next time you tell that story, don't stop till you come to the end of it. The man that the soap was socked up with slopped on me, and I never set eyes on him again. Instead of winning a hundred, I lost ten. That big thing turned out as small as all the rest. If the horse didn't beat me, the man that held the stamps did. So what's the odds? Bound to be beat somehow, every time."

"Well, Pete," put in another, "you've had a bad run, mostly, it may be. And I ain't going to dispute that. But what's the use saying you never, in all your lifetime, had any good luck? Didn't you go into a raffle for a gold watch about two years ago? Didn't you buy a chance for ten dollars, and win a ticket worth two hundred?"

"Yes," growled Pete; "I got the ticker—that's so. But she cost me sixty dollars, instead of ten, and when I got strapped and wanted to spout her, blame my skin if they didn't tell me she was galvanized and not worth a single sawbuck. Would have been a clean sixty better off if I'd stayed out of that raffle. The watch warn't worth winning—if she had been, somebody else would have got her. But that's a fair specimen of my luck—glad you thought of it."

"I don't know how true it may be," observed Joe, returning to the charge, "but I *have* heard that about four or five years ago, down here at the Four Forks, you beat a driver out of ever so many head of cattle—chucking dice, too, the very things you just said you never could win with. How about that, old unlucky man's son?"

"Ever so many head of cattle, eh?" echoed Pete. "Well, here's about the size of the bull affair. After chucking about an hour for a dollar a throw, the drover owned up busted and said he couldn't pint up. I was winner of four dollars, all told. Then he offered to mortgage a steer for a loan of twenty-five. He pinted out the critter in the yard among the drove, and I see it was worth more than double that much, so I offered to pint up that amount agin half the steer, and throw whether he should take my stamps or I keep 'em and the steer stand betwixt us. He didn't see it that way—said the animal was worth a hundred, any man's money; if I was a mind to put up fifty agin half of him, he would fob my fifty and allow that the highest throw should decide which of us two owned the beast. I handed over the fifty, we chucked, and I won. The drover said he was out over fifty dollars on the arrangement, as much as he could afford to lose in one day, and, walking off with my stamps, he left me to do the same with his steer. When I undertook that job, I was slightually interfered with by a man who told me to look out or I'd git inter trouble; he said the chap I'd been throwing dice with didn't own a hair of that steer—that was Nixon that was talking to me now, and he reckoned I'd better go about my business if I had any. That made me mad; I pitched in and licked that stranger, and that cost me fifty more. It was true, though, what he told me. The steer belonged to him, and not to the chap that I gambled with. Next time you hear any one telling about my winning ever so many head of cattle, you say that I was out and injured to the tune of about a hundred dollars good money, and you'll look a something like a truth-teller. And now for the rest of you got anything good to throw up to me?"

Evidently Pete rather courted than avoided an occasion to go into details concerning his many mischances. He always insisted that his ancestors, as far back as he knew anything of them, were born to bad luck. For himself he claimed to be the most unlucky man alive, and was ambitious to prove it to the satisfaction of all. It had become a sort of savage pleasure to him to deny that he had ever been the recipient of a favor at the hands of the fickle goddess.

"Pete," put in Joe again, "you're the only man I ever run foul of that could say he never had a single streak of good luck in his life. Put on your thinking-cap, overhaul your log-book and see if you can't find a little variation somewhere. It's a long line that has no turn."

"I've had bad turns enough, if that's what you're after," retorted Pete. "It's a wonder to me that some of you fellows never get hold of my scrape down in New Orleans. You might have made something out of that, in the shape of big luck, I 'spose."

"How was that?" queried several of the party.

"Order in the drinks. If I've got to do so much blowing, I must wet my whistle," said Pete.

The order was quickly given and compiled with, and the drinks having been duly disposed of and fresh cigars lit, Pete, after a preliminary puff or two, delivered himself of the following narrative:—

"It's years ago," he began, reflectively, "the time I'm going back to. I had been down in Orleans about three weeks, and in that time had got rid of every dollar I had to my name, not less than a couple of thousand. It was early one summer morning, just at daybreak, at the end of an all night tussle with the tiger, that I found myself flat broke, walking out on the Pontras road. Outside was what they called it in them days—it was a sort of shell road that was built out for miles among the swamps outside the city. Some of the swamp land—where the road stretched through it—had been ditched around and drained off, and was high and dry and covered with a wild growth of grass and weeds, and under brush, with here and there some pretty tall timber. Talking of weeds, I saw thistles growing there with stalks as thick as my thigh. It was the sight of things like these, I 'spose, together with the pleasant feel of the morning air, that led me on, until at once I noticed that the sun was hours high. And by-and-by, I found it was all tired hot, and, on looking back to where I had come from, all I could see of the big city was a vane or two glistening in the sunshine from the tallest steeples. Ahead of me, about a quarter of a mile off, stood a thundering big sycamore, that seemed to throw about an acre of shade. I made up my mind to have a lay off under that tree, so I took off my coat, which was a little heavy and much too warm, and slung it into a sapling by the way-side, jogging on in my shirt sleeves. In a few minutes I got up to the sycamore—that is, I was abreast of it; but it was on high ground in the swamp, a hundred yards to the right of the road, and between me and the tree there was a nasty looking creek or bayou a mile too wide to jump, and no bridge that I could see to cross over on. The bank on both sides of the water—which was kivered with a green scum and was awful low—riz up ten feet high and was steep and slippery. The bottom was a soft, slimy mud that look'd deep enough to swallow a mectin'-house. I didn't want to drop into it, you can bet. Just as I was giving up a idee of ever getting over, all of a sudden I spied away up stream, on the same side I was, something that looked like a raft. After a great bother and being bogged once or twice up to my crotch, I got hold of the thing—a couple of logs lashed together by somebody for the same use that I wanted it, I guess. With a long pole I'd lay on it, I found it to be a place where I could land and soon was over Jordan.

"Under the old sycamore it was cool and shady, and I soon fell asleep. How long I snoozed can't be exactly told. But when I did wake up it was with a sudden start out of an ugly dream. I dreamed there was a lot of little devils around me amusing themselves by sticking red hot needles into me. And it warn't all a vision neither; about a million musketeers was giving it to me lively. I thought at first it was after sundown, too. But pooty soon I noticed that a big black cloud was spreading overhead and hiding the sun. I couldn't guess the exact hour, but felt certain it was along well in the afternoon. About the first wish that troubled me when my eyes had got rubbed open was for tobacco, and it nettled me worse than all the musketeers did when I minded me that my piece of cavendish was in the breast pocket of that confounded old coat hanging on a sapling by the roadside. To cross back to the road and recover my coat and cavendish was of course the only thing to do. As I jumped up a big copperhead, that had been coiled up within a few feet of me, glided away through the tall grass, and by the rustling sounds coming from the direction that reptile took and the stir among the weeds, it was easy to tell he had started a large family on the move. Ah, well! what! Guess. I didn't take more than an hour in reaching the bank where I had left my ship! But maybe you can imagine how I felt when I stared all around and couldn't see it! It had gone, sailed away in some mysterious way that I couldn't see into. It made my head swim when I see what a nasty fix I was in. I went up and down the bank, wherever safe footing could be had, and looked in every direction open to eyesight, but the thing was nowhere visible. There warn't a human being within sight or sound either, and, what's more, there wasn't likely to be in a month of Sundays. More of my nice luck!

"And now it was that the first big drops of the shower came pattering down. Let me tell you, boys, that a thunder storm down south means more than it does up here at the north. In place of every drop here, down there you may expect a bucketful. The slanting trunk of the old sycamore, which had been to me a delusion and a snare, was hollow. I had noticed that when I first laid down under it. I don't mean to say it was made on purpose to stow away a fellow's dry goods in, but it struck me that it might keep my clothes dry. So what does I do but peels off and puts 'em in there. Stripped to the bare pelt I stood, ready to battle with the storm. And down it came. Je whittaker! how it lightened and thundered; and how the wind blew. I thought it would blow all the hair off my head! And the rain came at me with a fierce rush, as if bent upon drowning me at the very first dash. But that rather suited me at the start. It was something like a good swim, only there was no getting out when I thought I had been in long enough. A constant dropping, they say, will wear a stone—what sight, then, has a poor naked human body to stand up under a complete cataract? It seemed at last as if the torrent would beat through my skin and wash away my innards. It lashed, swashed, battered and blinded me—took away my breath, and so stung and bewildered me that my senses finally failed to come to the scratch, and I dropped flat as a soaked rag at the foot of the sycamore. Don't mention the deluge. Old Noah never got so sick of rain as I did.

"The flood stopped at last, just in time to spare my life. The sun shone out again, and warmed me, like a drowned fly, into motion. After putting on my dry duds, I discovered that the shower had been one of those blessings behind a frowning face that we read of. The scant water of the bayou had been swollen so high that the missing raft had been forced out from some crevice under the bank, where it must have stuck, and it was now floating in full view. The pole which I had used in coming over was luckily laying where I left it. But on nearing the raft I noticed what looked like a third log floating loosely alongside the two lashed together. Not seeing that it could be of any use to me, I put my pole upon it to shove it away, when, shoot me, if it warn't an alligator! one of the biggest kind. Fifteen foot long if it was one. Great heavens! didn't I jump? The black monster dove down out of sight for a minute; then he came up again, and, grinning at me with all his teeth, he made for me. Only one idee was in my mind and that was, an alligator can't climb a tree. Rushing towards the sycamore, I ran up its slanting trunk and got up among the high branches before I looked behind me once. But when I did venture to take an observation, darn my unlucky pictur if the varmint hadn't tooled me. He hadn't chased me at all, but there he was in the water, alongside the raft again, apparently keeping guard over it. I aint superstitious, but I began to think that my evil genius, or the old devil himself, had turned into an alligator, and cuchred me. The sun was almost gone down, and there I was up in a tree surrounded with copperheads and gallinippers—if the rain hadn't drowned 'em all—with a big alligator to see that I stayed there! Would I be stung or starved to death, or chawed up alive? That was all the choice. I got desperate, and slid down the tree, determined to die game. Picking up the pole, I made a clo't in one of its ends and jammed my knife into it so that the sharpest and strongest blade stuck out. I armed with this as my only weapon, I went boldly to the water's edge, and stirred up the alligator again. He came up at me, with an open countenance, same as before. But before he could do me any harm he would have to crawl up the bank—about three foot above the water now, and I stood my ground, watching him bash the water with his tail, while his head was coming up slowly over the bank. Suddenly, I steadied myself, and, with a well-aimed poke, drove the knife blade smack into one of his bad-looking eyes, and he never saw daylight with that agin, you bet. Now for his other window, thinks I, when, to my great relief, the big black crawler slid off the bank kerchunk, and shot down stream like a streak. He left without saying good-by, and didn't come to see me any more.

"I didn't lose any time gitting back to the shell road and where my coat was hanging, soaking wet; but not a bit of cavendish in any of its pockets. Satisfying myself of this fact, I made tracks for the city, leaving the old coat to the mercy of time and storm; and as I never went out that way again, it may be hanging there yet, for all I know to the contrary. As I trudged back to the city, my hands were busy with my pockets, and feeling in every lap and seam where a small bit of bakky might possibly hide itself. Suddenly, while pressing between my pants and fingers the bottom part of my vest, at the part where the buttons begin, I felt a lump. Something had slipped through a rip in the pocket lining. It turned out to be a piece of niggerhead, and was in my mouth in less time than it takes to wink. It's astonishing what big results come from small things. I was hungry, thirsty and tired, but a piece of penny plug so livened me up that I felt like cutting up capers. But max I be sewed, cotched. No sooner does he git what he axes than he hankers after more. And now, having terbacker, I began wishing for just one nip of good whisky. By and by, while biting away sharply at my piece of plug, I noticed that my teeth every now and then struck something harder than the mere weed. Pulling the end out of my mouth, I turned it over between my thumb and forefinger, looked into its folds, and there, by lightning, was a 'bit' sticking fast in it."

"Well, Pete, you *was* in luck that time," says one of the party. "Taking the day altogether, one thing with another, you didn't come out much injured. That finding of tobacco and money both at a single slap ought to be set down as one lucky turn at least. And then think of the big fall of rain, too; if that hadn't happened, where would you be now? You might have planted there that night, intending to come up in the morning, and been prevented doing so by alligators and copperheads. Without meaning any joke, the finding of that coin was a bit of luck!"

"You bet!" said Pete, with a queer look; "maybe you'd better go your pile, you've got such a sure thing. Well, I did think that was the biggest 'bit' of money I ever gazed on. It would buy what I wanted most—a good square horn. I jumped off for the city at the rate of a mile a minute, more or less. Bouncing into the first shebang I came to, I called for the whisky bottle and filled a tumbler chock full up to the brim.

"'Say, this yere aint a wholesale house,' growled the chap behind the bar. Reaching out he drew the tumbler away from me.

"'I'll pay for all I git,' says I, quite stiff like.

"The man scowled at me from under the frontlet of a skull cap. Then he spoke only one word:—

"'Pint!' says he.

"I threw down my 'bit,' allowing it to ring on the counter. The man shoved it back, with a glance of contempt, and said:—

"'Git!'

"'What's the matter?' says I. 'Aint that enough?'

"'Ba!' says he.

"'Guess you're bad,' says I; 'putting on airs, aint you? You aint got any better money than this is,' says I, taking up the discounted 'bit.'

"Springing over the counter the fellow made a slap at me that was intended to stop my mouth. He was an ugly looking customer, with a scar under his eye, and a nose that had been spread over his face by somebody. I was pounded lively in them days, but at that precise moment my condition was poor, and I didn't feel like staying long with the chap before me. I didn't want to pass a night in the calaboose, either. With one blow of the fist to the upshot of the affair, if it warnt ended some other way pooty quick. He was betwixt me and the way to the street. To induce him to get out of the way, I lent him one with my left, jest a leetle below the belt. It staggered him, but he come agin, feeling in his pocket for a knife or pistol, I couldn't tell which. But before he could draw he had to put up his bare hands to save his nob, which I was hammering away at in one-two style. Suddenly, as he struck out savage-like, I ducked under his arm, come up behind him, and turning like a flash, gave him a golong in the back of his neck, gave him the foot to help his headway, and he went flying into the farthest corner of the room, where he fell all of a heap. When he come to again, he didn't find me bending over him and making if he was hurt bad. No; I had gone from his gaze. I left New Orleans by the next boat, and never went back agin."

"Well, Pete," said Joe, "after all, you was lucky enough to git off with a whole skin."

"No luck about it," said Pete. "The chances was all dead agin me all the time. Nothing but pluck and muscle seen me through. If luck had had all the say, I shouldn't be here now. I've had it to work my way in spite of me all my lifetime and don't expect anything else until I die. I'm an unlucky man's son, and there's no wiping it out."

ELLISTON.—The following anecdote conveys a perfect impression of Elliston's managerial manner, and of the daring tact of his suddenly improvised statements. One night during the run of "Black Eyed Susan," a tipsy sailor was very noisy and troublesome in the gallery; nothing would pacify him, so Elliston at last appeared on the stage. "May I know the cause of this unseemly clamor? Sit down, woman! Again I demand the reason of this disturbance!" Voice from the gallery:—"It's this here sailor vot makes all the row!" Elliston, touched to the very soul:—"A British sailor! the glory of our country's annals! the safeguard of our homes and families! what is it he asks?" "Rule Britannia!" roared the tar. "You shall have it," emphatically pronounced the manager. "Of what ship, comrade?" "The Haggermennon!" roared loud Boreas. Voice from the gallery, "Bottled stout! ginger beer!" "Woman, I say, sit down!" "Just paid off, your honor!" interjected the tar, touching his hat. "Bring all your shipmates on Monday," continued the manager, stepping forward regally. "Ladies and gentlemen, on Monday next a nautical, national, allegorical sketch will be represented at this theatre, entitled "The British Flag," in which the whole strength of the company will be employed. The music expressly composed by Mr. Blewitt." (Aside to the orchestra, "Give 'em 'Rule Britannia,'") "Bring 'em all on Monday!" cried a voice more, with a wink to the sailor as he strode off the stage. "Rule Britannia" was then sung by the whole company and the play resumed. The nautical sketch of Monday was, we need scarcely say, a momentary inspiration of Elliston's. Nothing could daunt the impudence or abash the vanity of the man.

STARTLING ADVENTURE OF A DIVER.—Recently one of the divers employed at the Landing Pier Works, Douglas, Isle of Man, while engaged in laying the concrete blocks under water, met with a strange and exciting adventure. An immense fish, probably as much astonished as the diver himself, presented itself in the attitude of attack, and, but for the presence of mind of the diver, would probably have seized one of the limbs of the submarine workman, and with its formidable array of teeth have instantly cut through the india rubber dress. The diver, as when usually engaged below water, was armed with the customary offensive weapons, one of which he promptly thrust into the reptile's mouth, but, retaining his presence of mind while disabling it, firmly kept his hold, and instantly signaling to the man in charge of the pump, was rapidly drawn to the surface, bringing at the same time the vanquished fish. On examination it proved to be what is commonly called here a gullperry, or gullperkin, but, properly defined, according to Mr. Brown, the engineer of the works, is the "toad-fish," or "fishing-frog." Its measurements are—from the tip of the snout to the point of the tail, 4ft 6in; across the shoulder from fin to fin, 3ft; and across the mouth, extending vertically and horizontally, 10 to 12 inches.

MECHANICS.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone shaped in all the lovely dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the skill of the mechanic. The towering spires that raise their giddy heads among the clouds depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, or business, or comfort, but bears the impress of their hands. How exalted is their vocation, how sublime their calling!

THE SENSIBLE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Now the matter is settled,
The happy day named—
If I say a few words
I am not to be blamed;
For when in the business
Of life we set out
With a partner, we ought
To know what we're about.

I am not so foolish,
Nor yet, love, are you,
As to think as I will be sunshine,
Our sales *always* blue;
For what would become
Of the crops and the flowers
If once in a while, love,
We didn't have showers.

We both will grow older—
Of this there's no doubt;
I, wrinkled and thin,
And you, florid and stout;
We'll not stop for ferret, or
To send any surprise—
For time is too precious
To waste upon *sighs*.

I'm rather tall now—
But perhaps that I ought
To mention that some days
At noon I'm short;
Though I am not considered
A musical man
I've to pick up my Notes then
The best way I can!

We'll have children—not angels—
Boys and girls—now don't faint—
To kiss when they're good
And to lick when they ain't;
The girls may elope—
The boys horse-race and bet
And run all kinds of rigs
And their dad into debt.

I'm not young nor you tender—
That's certainly fair;
For the matter of that
Not a fig do I care;
These features are looked for
And sharply, too, when
We purchase our fowls—not
In women and men.

This life is a weary
And pensive jest—
But we'll take, if you say so,
Our chance with the rest;
And, with stout, cheery hearts,
And our heads pretty high,
The mysterious Future
We'll look in the eye!

J. H. B.

WILFRED, THE REJECTED ONE.

A Model Drama on a New Plan.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

What an enviable lot is ours in this here third quarter of the nineteenth century, that we can find material on every side for a whole theatrical repertory, as events are transpiring around us, without the necessity of racking our brains for novelty! The only trouble is that it is getting to be difficult to faithfully portray upon the stage the scenes and incidents of every day life. And then again, it is not every play-goer for whom the spasmodic drama has a charm. To meet the difficulty suggested by the prevalence of so many different tastes, we have been prompted to the preparation of a new five act play, for which it is in contemplation, as there are horses in it, to secure the services of Miss Leo Hudson for the principal *role*—which, as there is likewise a runaway accident, might appropriately be called, *a roll down hill*. This masterpiece is not completed, but, as Iago says:—

——"I suspended. Hell and night
Must bring their *monstrous birth* to the world's light."

The Bowery posters will probably give due notice when this "event" will come off, but, meanwhile, we may furnish the palpitating public a brief resume of the piece, in which all the elements of the different classes of composition will be found. The public will prepare to be petrified, amazed, startled, delighted, enraptured, thrilled and-so-forth, by turns.

ACT FIRST—*Scene First.—Central Park. The Mall and Common. Time, Midnight. A terrible storm is raging. Music heard without. Enter Wilfred Wobegone, dressed as for a Ball. He looks up at the brilliantly lighted mansion of the Fleurdeluces, and soliloquizes.—*

The night wears on and still the revel holds.
Unnoticed, unobserved, amid the pause
Of the o'erwrought quadrille. I've stolen away
To hold communion by myself amid
The elemental strife—that more consorts
With such wild passions as distract my soul.

(A lion roars in the adjoining menagerie.)

Aye, howl, you fiend! you're near me in this prison bars—
Ye can't howl down the rage that rages here,
Perfidious fair! and falser still than fair!
Let me call up by process of my own
The imps of mischief from their ebon cell,
And seek their promised aid. *(Incantation.)*

[Here is a capital chance for a Dance of Demons, in which Wilfred may join, and if the performer is not on the salaratorial, his part may be doubled at this point by one of the Lauris or Clodoches. The chief Demon gives him a talisman (a box of matches), when the Demons disappear.)

Wilfred.—So, they are gone. Well, bless 'em, *let* 'em go.
So that my wish is granted, what's the odds?

[*Here* Wilfred *remembers that he is only dressed in pumps, and hurries back accordingly to the*]

Grand Parlors in the Mansion of Mr. Fleurdeluce!

☞ This scene is intended to be furnished in the most extravagant style of art.

At an expense of $100,000!!!

(If the author don't slip up on it). A large party discovered waltzing to

Music by a real Dodworth's Band!!

Here will be introduced a

Scene from the opera of the "Filie du Regiment,"
as sung by Parepa Rosa!!!

Accompanied by the continuous beating of a hundred
animals and a salvo from a
Park of Artillery—

Kindly to be loaned by the 137th Regiment N. Y. State Militia—at the end of every air.

Enter Laura Fleurdeluce, *leaning on the arm of* Arthur McSlugg.

Laura.—Indeed, I am very happy. Let us rest;
The dance has made me giddy.

Arthur.—Giddy creature!
Methinks while love lends wings unto our feet
No power on earth could tire them. *I* could dance,
Yea, dance all night until the broad daylight,
Nor ever think of tiring. Hark! I hear
Old Harvey's police again. Dearest, wilt join.

[From this scene and dialogue the audience will infer the intimate nature of the relations subsisting between the parties, and will obtain a clue to the rage and despair of Wilfred the Rejected. It is followed by]

Grand Dance by the Corps de Ballet!!!
Pas Seul, Miss Gansaili!!!!

to be succeeded by a Grand March to the Supper Room.

In this scene and dialogue will be given an opportunity for a Grand Series of Gymnastic Effects, including Trapeze, by the Gregory Brothers and Lent's famous troupe of Vaulters.

Scene Third.—Coal Hole in the Mansion. Wilfred *solus:*—
'Tis now the hour—fit moment for my scheme.
While at the groaning board they sit and gorge,
And cram and gorge again, by wine half foozled,
A match to all this refuse stuff applied
Will light a flame like that which in my heart
Doth burn and gnaw forever.
Come, silent minister of dark revenge! etc., etc.

[*Here* Wilfred *strikes a match and the scene closes.*]

Scene Fourth.—An anti-room. Laura enters in a very unhappy frame of mind.

Alas! what grief is this that weighs me down.
No poor man's daughter, I, and yet my heart,
That once had place for but a single thought,
Is filled with dark forebodings. Is't the wine,
Or was't the chicken salad? Nay, I know not,
But there's a nameless something bids me sleep.

[*Lies down on sofa and sleeps. A troupe of Fairies arises and performs a*

Grand Ballet d'Action

round her couch. The Queen of the Fairies advances, holding a package covered by a mysterious towel.]

Laura! Receive from me this precious gift.
It was no false presentiment stir'd thy fears.
This night a craven suitor will apply
A torch to light ye to your several dooms,
But by this talisman, if rightly used,
The monster's vile intentions you may thwart,
And save your old progenitor. Adieu!
Laura, remember me!

Grand Fascination! Grand Ballet!!

Laura awakens, rubs her eyes and tears off the Mystic Towel, which proves to conceal a fire extinguisher! At this moment the fire bells are heard to sound and a bright glare springs up. Grand real conflagration! Screaming and confusion. Tableau, in the midst of which the heroic ayurl is seen putting out the flames with the fire extinguisher.

Fireman's March and Tableau!!!

[As it is certain death to imbibe carbonic acid gas, everybody is expected to go out for an intermission of fifteen minutes. N. B. Hint to the audience.—Any expressions of disapprobation will be stifled at once by the same original process, for which the author has taken out a patent.]

There are, of course, a great many other scenes and characters, including a

Lake of Real Water!!!

in which Harry Gurr, the celebrated Man Fish, will go through his aquatic evolutions, eating an oyster supper under water, drinking a mug of flip and smoking a cigar. The spectators will also be "presented" with a

View of Kaatskill Mountains by Calcium Light!!!

in which Miss Leo Hudson, or perhaps

Kate Fisher!

will dash down the heights on her faithful steed Bonny Bess, pursued by Mr. Robinson as Wilfred the Rejected!! The play will wind up with a

Grand Mooonlight Procession
and Parade of the Seventh Regiment,

which has volunteered for the run of the piece, and the Big Bell has been hired to enhance the effect, and will be kept tolling in front of the theatre until the rising of the curtain. If this is not an attraction, we don't know what is!

MAKE A BEGINNING.—How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast is now creeping, crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first time a manly "I will," is said, the first seed put in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings' bank, and the first mile traveled in a journey, are all very important things. They make a beginning; and thereby a hope, a promise, an assurance is held out that are not without earnest in what you have undertaken. Says the poet:—

"Had not the base been laid by builders wise,
The pyramids had never reached the skies."

WATER TELESCOPES.—The people of Norway carry in their fishing boats a water telescope or tube, three or four feet in length. They immerse one end in the water, and then, looking intently through the glass, they are able to perceive objects ten or fifteen fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface. So, when they discover plenty of fish, they surround them with their large draught nets, and often catch them in hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would frequently prove a precarious and unprofitable fishing. This instrument is not only used by the fishermen, but is also found in the navy and coasting vessels.

THE PUGNACITY OF CRICKETS.—Some insects are extremely pugnacious towards each other. To make two male crickets fight, the Chinese place them in an earthen bowl. The owner of each tickles his cricket with a feather, which makes them both run round the bowl different ways, frequently meeting and jostling one another as they pass. After several meetings in this way, they at length become exasperated and fight with great fury, until they literally tear each other limb from limb.

PREACHING VERSUS PLAYING;

And What Came of It.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The species of petty calamities of every-day life classable as *contretemps* and blunders are of incessant occurrence in all oversettled communities—some of them sufficiently ludicrous in their nature, although occasionally having a serious termination. Of these little episodes actors experience almost an undue share, although other professions are not exempt from them, and nearly all clergymen have a budget of anecdotes in keeping. They are especially the salient divergencies, the pungent side-dishes, the fragrant spice-islands, so to speak, in the prosy life of the player. For that it *may* be prosy, in spite of the rainbow hues, the glare and the gilding with which it is surrounded, thousands of these gifted but erratic children of fortune will bear me witness.

It was about the time appointed for the beginning of the Annual Conference of 1867, and the town was pervaded by multitudes of mysterious strangers carrying carpet bags, smirking out of white chokers, and looking like so many Aminidab Sleeks, who had strayed by mistake into the Mountains of Hepsidam—Burton reduplicated at every corner. A great "religious revival" was going forward, threatening destruction to the lures which the evil one spreads for the destruction of the unwary. But it was observable that not one theatre, minstrel hall, circus or melodeon, closed its doors for want of patronage in consequence, and the sound of the billiard cue and tennis ball resounded even within hearing of their denouncers, several of whom scandalized their cloth by being actually caught among the sinners at Tammany and Bryants', whither an ungodly curiosity had decoyed them "for the purpose of studying character."

Just at this crisis a couple of shabby-genteel persons, with canes and carpet bags, who might have been house-breakers loaded down with the implements of their craft, although nothing more formidable than two country delegates from the distant village of Squantum to the New York Conference, then sitting, ascended the steps of a comfortable dwelling in Marion square, on the door-plate of which glistened the single name, "BULLFINCH." A remarkable smile stole over the features of the elder, as he compared the name on a card with the name on the plate, and noted the unmistakable signs of comfort which were visible on every hand.

A buxom servant girl, tidily dressed, ushered them into the parlor, where a stout, well preserved gent'eman, who had been warming his flanks before the grate, advanced with much cordiality to meet them. Mr. Bertinax Bullfinch was manager of the theatre known as the National Histrionic, and had been for more than a week expecting the arrival of accessions to his company; an idea which had for some days so deeply taken root in his brain that there was room for no other. Without glancing at their cards, he waived the visitors to be seated.

"So you have come at last," said Pertinax, "come at last. Do you know, I was almost on the point of giving you up? and *that*, after such preparations as had been made for your reception would have been frightful, you'll confess."

"Indeed, we had no idea that we were so well known in this vicinity," replied the more serious of the strangers.

"Known, sir? Talent travels on the wings of the wind, and yours has opened for you a place at every hearth-stone."

"We had been warned to anticipate a hospitable reception," said the senior disciple, "but had really no idea how far it would extend. If anything could be needed to stimulate us to exertion, this alone would suffice."

"Sir," said the great lessee, bringing his hand down with impressive force upon the knee of his elder visitor, "great triumphs are in store for you. You have come to a field that promises an abundant harvest. The horizon is full! I may say, of prosperous omens."

"We have come prepared to wrestle with the sons of Belial," responded the visitor, warming up, "and will smite him in his very tabernacle."

"Good, old Truepenny!" exclaimed Pertinax, enforcing his sincerity by a slap on the back. "I see you are 'up' in Ephraim Smooth. Must make a memorandum to have the town billed for it."

"A great deal of revolity going on, just now, I suppose. Vanity Fair, they tell me, is bubbling over. Balls and operas, and shows and plays, and all manner of iniquity."

"Theatres? Twenty at least, and all of them doing a rushing business, too. We have our hands full to fight 'em, I can assure you. The whole town, sir, has been going mad after legs,' but, with your assistance, we will manage to turn the tide and re-inaugurate the reign of common sense."

"Sir, such opinions do you infinite honor. Heaven must prosper such high minded devotion to its interests."

"Why, yes—yes, it has, in a moderate sense," rejoined the actor, deprecatingly; "I may claim to have succeeded as well as any in the theatrical line, in spite of unrelenting opposition on the part of the fraternity."

"Theatricals! Name them not!" replied the exhorter with a look of loathing, and a groan which was echoed by his junior; and forthwith he launched into a tirade of denunciation, which certainly had the effect to open the eyes of the expectant but disappointed lessee, who, for the first time examining his visitors' cards, saw that he had been bestowing histrionic honors upon a couple of ranting parsons, who had come to the city with the express purpose of denouncing the very institution of which he was himself, a zealous devotee. A sudden impulse was to direct his visitors to the house for which his bad been mistaken, but as the reformer grew eloquent over the trite subject of theatrical abuses, and excoriated the members of that unhappy profession which has no sympathizers within and few defenders without, a new project presented itself to his excited fancy.

He resolved, as a sort of innocent, perhaps excusable revenge, to wear awhile the character they had insisted in forcing upon him—to assume the *role* of his namesake, an opulent layman residing on the block adjoining, and by degrees to wean his visitors from their preconceived impressions, thus effectually turning the laugh upon them. Dinner being announced, the discussion was postponed until a more suitable occasion, and Pertinax Bullfinch, having duly apprised his household, took care that the repast should be sufficiently appetizing. The deacon had never visited a theatre in his life, and Pertinax was particular to picture the forbidden scenes in its most alluring colors—renewing the subject at every interview "plastering it on," in other words, "piling up the agony," until the deacon held his breath from excitement, and his youthful companion glowed from his toes to his nose-tip.

I should have observed that Pertinax had every beautiful daughter, as good as she was pretty, as talented as she was good, and as mischievous as she was talented. To this adorable specimen of femininity did Charles—I suppose because he was a student of divinity—unequivocally "cotton." He worshiped her very shoe-strings, read with her, walked with her and conducted himself in what, it must be owned, was anything but a sanctimonious spirit. In the meanwhile the expected simon pure—the "great star of the season"—and unapproachable Ruskin—had arrived and was duly placarded. The night for the re-opening was rapidly approaching. The interregnum, during which the house had been repaired and repainted, had passed in a round of social enjoyments; the conference was over, yet still the visitors lingered, as loth to depart from the scene of so much festivity. What the worthy exhorter would have thought had he known that Shakespeare and the elder dramatists formed the staple with which, when in company with pretty Miss Loo, the student supplanted his usual course of readings, or that the bell of the neighboring chapel summoned them more often to the play, instead of to evening service, it is needless to consider. As for his father, the earnest exhorter, the comfortable suppers and whist parties, the jovial, unconstrained company, and especially the hot rum stir-about which the fair handed buxom hostess nightly prepared for him, had completely demoralized him, and his remonstrances were becoming fainter and fainter as he partook of the generous fare.

Saturday night. On Monday the great lessee was to re-open his "Tabernacle," with long accounts of which he had regaled his visitor. He had even gone to the point of affording the neophyte a partial view of the interior, and had acquainted him with the details of the new plan of his own. Sunday, the irrepressible struggle between vice and virtue was to be illustrated. On this evening a happy company had gathered at the house of Pertinax Bullfinch, the prosperous manager, for the double purpose of enjoying his hospitality and comparing their parts in the play which was to form the opening card. There was music—such music as had never been heard in the choir, and as our exhorter listened to the irreproachable language of one of the rarest comedies, and heard his entertainer declaim, he seemed to

prisoners follow, and, thinking that all might not be right, he resolved to watch. Hearing a scream for help he ran down the road, and then saw Foster over a woman, and the others holding her head. He spoke to them, when they threatened him, and he said he would go for the police. He ran along, and then saw the two Sweenys running as fast as they could. Having procured a constable he went back and Foster was captured. The woman was in a shocking state, bleeding from the mouth and almost senseless. Police-constable Hart, 32 P, heard the cries for help, and on coming up caught Foster. On a subsequent examination it was shown that the prisoners must have dragged the prosecutrix along over 80 yards through the mud, and then ran down a bank some four feet in depth into a field. Here the ground showed that a desperate struggle must have taken place. The other prisoners were afterwards taken by Detectives Berry and Stevens. James Sweeny did not deny the charge, but said he knew who had "rounded" on him. The other Sweeny denied having anything to do with the affair beyond seeing Foster showing the lady the way home. In his possession was found a light colored billycock hat, which was stained with blood. The constable here stated that the medical gentleman, who could speak to the dreadful injuries received by prosecutrix, was unable that day to attend. In answer to the charge Foster and James Sweeny said they were showing the lady along when she fell down; the other prisoner simply denied the charge. Mr. Elliott said he should remand the prisoners for the completion of the depositions. The prisoners were then removed.—*Bell's London News, Nov. 6th.*

A PLAIN MATTER OF FACT MARRIAGE.

The Rev. D., a Methodist minister, stationed at Meadville some years ago, one evening received a note informing him that a couple, living in the suburbs of the city, desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and requested his services at 9 o'clock in the morning. At the proper time he went to the house designated. He inquired of a young lady who was busy washing dishes if there was a couple there who wished to be married.

"I am the lady," said she, blushing. "John will be in in a moment."

The minister was surprised to see no preparations and stepped to the door to view the surroundings. Two men were hard at work grinding scythes in the yard, and another, who proved to be the "John," was tending a cow and calf. The young lady came to the door pretty soon and shouted:—

"John, John, hurry up; the preacher's here!"

John leaped the fence and rushed to the house, the girl wiped her hands on her apron, and, after joining hands, said they were ready. The minister proceeded and had just got through questioning the young man when the old lady rushed into the room, shouting:—

"John, John, you didn't turn the cow away from the calf!"

He let go his sweetheart's hand instantly and rushed into the barnyard, put the old cow through the bars and then returned to the house, again took his position, when the remainder of the ceremony was performed. The minister went on his way. John went to the hay field and the lady resumed her dish washing.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT kind of *juries* are most dangerous to our liberties?—Why, *perjuries*.

WHY is an egg like a young horse?—Because it is not usable till broken.

WHAT class of people bears a name meaning "I can improve?"—Mendicant (Mend I can't).

WHY is a man who beats his wife like a thorough-bred animal?—Because he's a *perfect brute*.

IF a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient historian would they name?—Eusebius (you see by us).

WHEN may young ladies be said to be economical?—When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist-*fulness*.

WHY is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a seeking (a sea king) what never existed.

BREVITIES.

SUSPICION—a punishment often inflicted by the evil minded on themselves.

SOME persons shame the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him.

AT table, be as biting of your food as you please, but don't be biting in your remarks.

UNTAUGHT men are unreasoning men, and unreasoning men are always unreasonable.

BY reading, we enjoy the dead; by conversation, the living; and by contemplation, ourselves.

"TIME works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

THE miser is a riddle. What he possesses he haint got and what he leaves behind him he never had.

A GOOD matrimonial firm is said to be one that consists of three-quarters wife and one-quarter husband.

WE forgive the man who bores us much more easily than the man who lets us see that we are boring him.

YOUNG vows of everlasting friendship are foolish; if ever kept, they are kept by accident, not by resolution.

YOUTH scatters its affections with a liberal hand, like a young heir, ignorant as yet of the value of his possessions.

BEING our own master sometimes means that we are at liberty to be the slave of our own follies, caprices and passions.

THERE are no greater exactors of faith than the perfidious, no greater persecutors of falsehood than the perjured.

IF brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

JOSH BILLINGS says, "it is a statistikal fakt that the wicked work harder tew reach hell than the righteous do tew git to heaven."

WRITE your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with and you will never be forgotten.

THE captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

A MINNESOTA farmer says:—"We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't also raise bugs enough to eat 'em all up."

TWO QUAKER GIRLS were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

TWO young ladies and an Irishman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:—"Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. H.?" "Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

IT being proved at the trial of a pickpocket, who had given his name as Linch, that his real name was Inch, the judge remarked:—"This proves the truth of the old adage, that, 'If you give a man an inch, he will take an L.'"

MERRY MOMENTS.

SCENE IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL.—*Teacher*—"Why was Joseph put into the pit?" *Thomas* (who goes to the theatre on week days)—"Because there was no room for him in the family circle."

A JUVENILE WIT.—"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder-tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows us up." "Go to bed immediately."

M. STE. BEUVE was never engaged in but one duel. On that occasion it rained, and the great critic insisted upon hoisting an umbrella, averring that while he had no objection to be killed he would not permit himself to get wet. Four shots were exchanged, but nobody was hurt.

A 'TEUTONIC PHILOSOPHER" was saluted by one of his friends, "How are you, Toot?" The philosopher stopped, posed his stick on the pavement, and replied:—"Well, wat's the use of gomplainin'? Ven I gomplain, beeple tink I vants to porrow monish; ven I don't gomplain, dey tink I have monish to lend."

PRETTY HEAVY ON SOMETHING.—A Kentuckian recently stated at a temperance meeting in Louisville that he "wasn't much on drink; but," he added, "I allow that I've chewed nigh onto a ton of tobacco, as nigh as I can calculate, during the last fifty years, and I begun to chew the weed when I was 'leven years old."

ALL WRITE.—A cynic by the name of Wright, in Wrightville, Wright county, out west, recently writing on woman's rights, said:—"That it is so seldom that women do right what is right, that it is no more than right when they do what is right that it should be rightly done." Now, if Mr. Wright is not right then he had no right to write the above.

AN HEREDITARY COMPLAINT.—"What is the matter with you?" inquired a judge, who had called to see his sick neighbor. "Vell, I don't know, chudge—dey say it ish de cout; but vy should I have de cout? I lives blain; I don't eat too much nor drink too much." "Perhaps," suggested the judge, "it is hereditary?" "I guess it is hereditary; I remember my wife's uncle had it."

WILL THERE BE ANY MINISTERS THERE?—A Highland Scotch minister, being much disconcerted by the putting up of umbrellas here and there in a congregation which he was addressing in the open air, on the sudden appearance of a summer shower, shook his head grimly, and fixing his eyes on the innovators, said, with dreadful solemnity:—"Ah, ma freens, ma freens, *there'll be nae umbrellas in hell*."

WHAT IS YOUR NOSE FOR?—In a school examination a lady appealed to the self-consciousness of the children, and tried to teach them a little about their senses. They knew that they saw and heard, but it was a revelation to them that they saw with eyes and heard with ears. So the lady said to them:—"You have noses: what are they for?" There was a dead silence, and at last one adventurous urchin replied:—"Please ma'am—to be wiped."

ONLY THE CHAPLAIN.—An Italian Prince, when he went on a journey, always took his cook with him. When rounding the abrupt angle of a rock, which was exceedingly perilous, he heard the cry of a man, the snort of a mule and the crash of some one falling over a precipice. The horror-stricken prince cried out:—"The cook! Is it the cook?" "No, your excellency," replied the attendant, "it is Battista." "Ah, only the chaplain! Heaven be praised!"

A MISTAKEN VOCATION.—M. Raspail was originally intended for the church by a pious mother, who had dreams of her son wearing a mitre. He actually studied in an ecclesiastical seminary for several years; but he clearly was not "cut out" for holy orders. His own account of his severance from Mother Church is, to say the least, characteristic. He sought out his bishop and said:—"My Lord, I cannot stay—I do not believe a word of what I am required to teach!" The bishop sighed, and made answer "Neither do I; but go in peace!"

A GRAVE AFFAIR.—A manufacturer of tombstones, in Portland, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking round for some time and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stonecutter had prepared for another person. "I like this one," said he. "But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it wouldn't do for your mother." "O, yes, it would," said the countryman, "she couldn't read! And, besides," he continued as he observed the wonderment of the stonecutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, anyhow!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

G. REICHHELM.—Your very flattering and acceptable contribution to hand, and all once availed of, as you see.

ADOLPH REHER.—Your new problem shall have due attention and report. Thanks for complimentary notices of our books.

C. W. WHITMAN.—Your reminder to hand. We plead guilty to a brief neglect; exhaustion, extreme pressure upon our time and attention just now. The item for you shall speedily appear to you.

GEO. GROVES.—We have not heard from C. C. Barnes for many months, not even in reply to some queries.

THE TOURNEY in the Brooklyn Club progresses with great spirit, and is adding greatly to the members and strength of the club.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XLI.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. CXCVII.

WHITE.—King at his B 2; Queen at her R 5; Knights at K 5, and K Kt 5; Pawn at K R 3.

BLACK.—King at his B 5; Queen at K B 3; Rooks at Q B 2, and Q 2; Knight at Q Kt 5; Pawns at Q Kt 7, Q B 3, Q 8, and K Kt 4th. White to play and win in five moves.

This position is similar to many already noticed. The 1st move, Q to B 8, is no addition to the beauty or difficulty of the problem, as it is quite impossible not to see at a glance that it is the only move.

PROBLEM No. CXCIX.

WHITE.—King at Q 2; Queen at K R 7; Rook at K 6; Knight at Q B 8; Pawns at Q 3, K 4, K B 5, and K B 7th.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Queen at her Kt sq; Rook at Q sq; Knights at Q Kt 4, and K 2; Bishop at K R sq; Pawns at Q Kt 5, Q B 3, K 4, and K B 5th.

White mates in five moves.

Imperfect.—In Var. (A) Black 1. . Q × Kt; 2. Q to K R sq Kt to Q 4; and White may 3. Q to K Kt sq +, or 3. Q to her R sq +, etc.

PROBLEM No. CC.—(LAST.)

WHITE.—King at Q B 7; Bishop at Q Kt 2; Knights at Q B 3, and K R 5; Pawns at K 3, and K Kt 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Pawns at Q B 4, K 2, and K 2d.

White mates in five moves.

Imperfect.—Here again we have one of those *classical* problems (in this case decidedly *D'Orvillian*) in which the utmost perfection is looked for. A flaw like this in No. 200, where the White King has the choice of two squares on the third move of the solution, becomes doubly noticeable in a problem of but few pieces and having but one simple theme. The superior finish so requisite to a conception of this nature would have been attained by the addition of a Black Pawn at Q B 3d.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

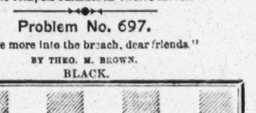
Enigma No. 697.

From the Evening Bulletin.

Dedicated to August Krueger, of Philadelphia.

BY HERR N. D. NATHAN.

at Q B sq, Q B 3, Q Kt sq, K 3, Q 5, K Kt sq; Q Kt 7, K B 8, Q 6th, and a White Pawn at Q 3d.



at Q Kt 4, Q Kt 6, K R 7, Q B 5, Q B 3, Q B 6, and 7, K B 5, and 5, and a Black Pawn at K Kt 4th.

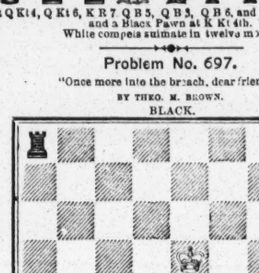
White compels suimate in twelve moves.

Problem No. 697.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends."

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, in how many moves can he compel suimate, without capturing the Rook?

Game No. 697.

Partie in Philadelphia between our conributor, G. Reichhelm, and J. G. Whiteman.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack. Mr. Reichhelm.	Defence. Mr. Whiteman.	Attack. Mr. Reichhelm.	Defence. Mr. Whiteman.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	25. K to B 2(c)	R P × P +
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	24. R P × P	K R-Q sq
3. K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	25. Q R × R +	K × Q R
4. K B × Kt	Q P × B	26. K R-R 3	R-K R 3
5. Castles	K B-Q 3	27. K-Kt B 3	Q-Q 2
6. P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 5	28. P-K B 5	P-Q Kt 4
7. Q P × P	Q B × Kt	29. K R-K 2	P-Q B 4
8. Q × Q B	K B × P	30. P-K Kt 4	P-Q B 5
9. Q Kt-B 3(a)	Q-K B 3	31. P-K Kt 5	R-K Kt 8
10. Q × Q	K Kt × Q	32. P-K B 6	R-K Kt 8
11. Q B-Q 2	Castles, Q R	33. R-K Kt 2	Q R × R
12. Q R-Q sq	K B × Kt	34. K × Q R	K-his 3
13. Q B × B	Kt × K P	35. K-Kt 3	K-his B 4
14. B × Kt P	K R-Kt sq	36. K-his R 4	K-Kt 3
15. Q B-R 6	Q R-Q 3	37. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4
16. B-K B 4	Q R-Kt 3	38. P-Q R 3	P-Q R 4
17. P-K Kt 3	R-K B 3	39. K-his Kt 4	P-Q Kt 5
18. Q B-K 5	R-K B 4	40. P-Q R 4	K-his R 2
19. P-K B 4	P-K R 4	41. K-his R 5	K Kt sq
20. K R-K sq	K R-K B 3	42. P-K Kt 6	K-his 2
21. Q B × Kt	Q R × B(b)	43. P-Kt 7 +	K Kt sq, and
22. K R-K 7	P-K R 5	Mr. Reichhelm announces mate by force in *fifteen* moves!	

(a) In another game with Mr. W., Mr. R. observes that he played the perhaps preferable move, 9. . Q to her Kt 3d.

(b) The doubled P of the Defence loses him the game.

(c) Safer than 23. . Q R to Q 7.

Partie in the late match between Mr. Mason and Capt. Mackenzie, Capt. M. giving K B P, and move.—*Era.*

Mr. Mason.	Capt. Mackenzie.	Mr. Mason.	Capt. Mackenzie.
1. P to K 4	Q Kt to B 3	16. R × B	Q Kt × B
2. P-Q 4	P × K 4	17. Q-her 3	Q-her R 4 +
3. Q P × P	Q Kt × P	18. K-his R sq	Q R-Q sq
4. P-K B 4	Kt-K B 2	19. Q-her B 4 +	Q × Q(f)
5. K Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	20. R Kt × Q	K Kt-his 5
6. Q B-K 3	K B-Kt 3	21. R-K sq +	Q R × R
7. Q-K 2	Q-K 2	22. K-his Kt sq	P-Q Kt 4
8. Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 5	23. K Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-Q 5
9. Q B-K 3(d)	K B × B	24. Q Kt-K 4	Kt × Q B P
10. Q × K B	P-Q 4(e)	25. R-Q B sq	Q Kt-Q 5
11. K B-Q 3	Castles	26. R-Q B 5	Kt-K 7 +
12. Castles, K R	Q P × P	27. K-his R sq	Kt × K B P
13. K B × P	Q B-B 4	28. R × Q B P	K Kt-B 7 +
14. Q R-K sq	K R-K sq	29. K-his Kt sq	Q R-Kt sq
15. K Kt-K 5	Q Kt-Q 5	30. K Kt × Kt	Q R × Kt, and
		Capt. Mackenzie wins easily.	

(d) A move not well timed. Had Mr. M. made it before playing out K Kt he would have been free to Castle, and still preserve the move, which he now loses.

(e) An important advance this for the Defence.

(f) Mr. Mason had not a good position before, and, certainly, did not improve it by forcing this exchange of Queens.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 29.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. GREER AND CONOVER.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Greer.	White. Conover.	Black. Greer.	White. Conover.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	12..10 to 16	24 to 27
2..15 22	25 18	13..10 15	26 22(b)
3..8 11	29 25	14..16 19	30 26
4..4 8	25 22	15..19 23(c)	26 10
5..9 13	23 14	16..5 9	14 5
6..11 16(a)	18 14	17..7 32	24 19
7..10 17	21 14	18..32 27	22 18(d)
8..16 23	27 18	19..27 23	18 14
9..6 10	22 17	20..23 16	19 10
10..13 22	26 17	21..16 19	17 15(e)
11..8 11	32 26		

(a) Rooks and bookmakers disregarded.

(b) This knocks White from his 'base."

(c) Although this wins for Black, yet the "smoother" path would have done it sooner.

(d) White is evidently only playing for a King.

(e) Which he accomplishes—"only this, and nothing more."

Solution of Position No. 55.—Vol. XVII.

BY M. WARDELL.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 10	18 to 27	4..19 to 15	11 to 18
2..12 8	4 11	5..9 6, and wins.	
3..7 16	20 11		

Solution of Position No. 56.—Vol. XVII.

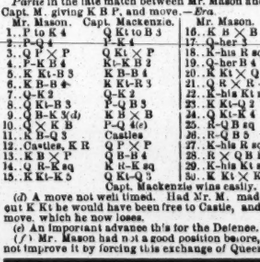
BY R. C.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..2 to 16	3 to 10	5..15 to 18	28 to 24
2..19 23	12 19	6..1 6	24 19
3..26 31	19 26	7..6 9	19 16
4..31 15	29 25	8..18 15, and wins.	

Position No. 57.—Vol. 17. Position No. 58. Vol. 17.

BY M. WARDELL. BY R. C.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win. Black to move and win.

A VESSEL, sunk in the Delaware river during the Revolutionary war, which has been there ever since, was raised a few days ago. The timber used in building the ship was Irish oak, which is said to be as "sound as when first put together." On board was found some silver spoons marked, "H. W., 1748," an old bull's-eye watch, several coins of various States, and many other relics, including two human skulls, "one of which is remarkable for its thickness."

TOO FAST.—Some of our city dailies are smart when news items are afloat. One of them published the last quarter's report of the government expenses and receipts twenty-four hours before the Secretary made his report. The thing read very nice, only there was a small error of between *six and seven million dollars* in the figures.

A PARTY OF YOUNG LADIES, scholars at the Glenwood Seminary, Brattleboro, Vt., lately took a walk to view the remains of a late fire ardent in their picturesque gymnastic costume. "Picturesque gymnastic costume" is a fine thing to cover the——charred remains of a conflagration.

THE LEGISLATURE OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY is short of a quorum. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of absent members. There is no such necessity for "warranting" the Legislators of this State. The trouble usually is they *don't* "want to go home."

SIM CAMERON is going alone to the Georgia State Fair. Is it fair that he should pay so much fare to visit a fair without any of the fair? But he may travel dead-head—if so, it will cost him less fare to see the fair.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?—An exchange says:—"Black jaundice *carried off* a son of Gen. Jas. Harrison, in Waco, Texas." The thought occurs to us, is "Black Jaundice" any relation to "Blue Devil?"

BASE BALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1869.

ITS VICTORIES AND DEFEATS.

No. 3.—July.

With the exception of the third and deciding game of the championship matchbetween the Mutuals and Eckfords, there were not many first-class contests in this vicinity during July. The Marylands, of Baltimore, and the Olympics, of Washington, paid visits to the metropolis, but their meetings with our crack clubs did not create much excitement. Out of town, however, things were livelier, and our record of games is quite large.

The only contest of note in this vicinity, on the 1st, was the return game of the Eckford and Rose Hill match. The young Collegians met the Eckfords at the Union ground, and, in a well played game, were defeated by 34 to 14. At Hoboken, the Empires gained a signal victory over the Gothams by a score of 38 to 36. The Empires scored 10 runs in the ninth innings, and 17 to 2 in the last two. At Cincinnati, the "Red Stockings," just returned from their eastern tour, had a grand reception, and in a game with a picked nine, won by 33 to 11. At Boston, the Lowells, not content with their last game with the Harvards, were again shaken up to the tune of 21 to 4. In the city of Brotherly Love, the City Items defeated the Intrepids, with the score 22 to 15. At Providence, the Freshmen of Brown and Harvard Colleges had a wrangle, which resulted in the success of the Brown by 37 to 13. At Dundas, Ontario, the Wanderers, of Buffalo, won a victory over the Independents—49 to 18.

On the 2d, the only game of importance was between the "Red Stockings" and Olympics, of Washington, which the former won by 25 to 14. At Washington the Nationals narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of the Jeffersons, the score standing 31 to 30. A one-sided game was played at Huntsville, Ala., between the Athletics (civilians) and the Gen. Crawford (soldiers), in which the latter were victorious by 68 to 42.

The only game of any account on the 3d was between the Eckfords and Mutuals. It was the home-and-home game of the championship series, and was an important contest. The Mutuals were under engagement to play the second game of their match with the "Haymakers" on the 7th, and if they defeated the Eckfords, and kept the championship, the chances were that it would go to the Trojans, who had won the first game of the match. Under these circumstances the contest created considerable excitement. It was witnessed by a large crowd, and speculation on the result was very brisk. From the beginning the Eckfords outplayed their opponents, and finally won the game, with the score 21 to 5. Considerable comment was excited by this unlooked for termination of the meeting, and a great many held to the opinion that the Mutuals threw the game into the hands of the Eckfords to keep the championship from going to Troy. Although the Mutuals played an exceedingly loose fielding game, there were no wilful missplays that we could discover. On the same day, at South Weymouth, Mass., the Tri-Mountains, of Boston, waxed the King Philips, of East Abbingdon, Mass., by 30 to 19.

On the "Glorious Fourth," which was observed on the 5th, the Tri-Mountains turned up at Troy, where the "Haymakers" beat them by 63 to 24 in eight innings. The following day the "Hubites" tried the mettle of the Nationals, of Albany, and did better, only being beaten by one run—43 to 42. On the previous day (the 5th) the Nationals batted the Live Oaks to the tune of 46 to 23. At Philadelphia the Marylands, of Baltimore, walked away with the Keystones—38 to 27. The Olympics, of Washington, not satisfied with their treatment by the "Red Stockings" on the 2d, insisted on another deal, and were again euchred—the totals standing 32 to 10. The Brooklyn Stars, wishing to spend the Fourth in an appropriate manner, took a trip to Boston, where, in a game with the Lowells, they scored 27 to 15. The Orientals also shook the dust of the metropolis from their feet, and fetching up at Middletown, N. Y., scooped up the Lone Stars, of that place, by 74 to 25. At Detroit the Forest Citys, of Cleveland, defeated the Detroit Club by 25 to 19. In this vicinity, on the 5th, the most interesting game took place at the Union ground, where the Harvard and Yale nines met to decide the championship of colleges. Although interesting, the game was one-sided, the score being 41 to 24 in favor of Harvards. At the Capitoline ground the largest crowd ever gathered on an inclosed ball field had assembled to witness what had been advertised as the first of a championship series between the Atlantics and Athletics. Fifteen thousand spectators were present, who were egregiously sold, as the contest was only a "social" one. A "lively ball" was used, and slashing hits were the order of the day. The Atlantics proved victorious, the totals standing 51 to 48.

For the balance of the Fourth of July week, there was quite a falling off in the sport in this vicinity. The only game of the 6th came off at Hudson City, N. J., between the Unions, of that place, and the Spartas, of New York. The latter won by 39 to 21. At Louisville, Ky., the Olympics, of Washington, who had been "bobbing round" for a week, encountered the Louisville Club, and won a handsome victory by 44 to 9. On the same day, the Forest City, of Cleveland, gave the Reserves, of Hudson, Ohio, a drubbing by 75 to 17. At Wilmington, Del., the Athletics, Jr., of Philadelphia, defeated the Diamond States, with the score of 50 to 25.

On the 7th, the Mutuals visited Troy, to play their return game with the "Haymakers." The contest called out a large delegation of sporting men, but the Mutuals having lost the championship, most of the interest that would otherwise have attached to the meeting was destroyed. As was generally expected, the "Haymakers" were victorious—the score standing 32 to 20. At the Union ground, the new fledged champions defeated the Harmonics by 17 to 5.

The Olympics, of Washington, turned up at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 8th, where, in a game with the Forest Citys, they met with defeat—28 to 20. Another game was played on the following day, and the Forest Citys, having been weakened by the refusal of several of their nine to play, the Olympics won by a ball, with the score 44 to 43. At Philadelphia the Athletics encountered the Harvard College nine and were beaten by 35 to 21. In this game Brosey, formerly of the Olympics, of Pittsburgh, made his first and last appearance in the Athletic nine as a pitcher.

The only game of the 9th of which we have any record occurred at the Elysian Fields, where the Eagles entertained the Ivanhoes, of Sing Sing, and won an easy victory by 43 to 20.

On the 10th the Harvards, who had remained in Philadelphia after their victory over the Athletics, were defeated by the Keystones in seven innings by 24 to 18. The erratic Olympics, of Washington, turned up at Mansfield, Ohio, where they met and defeated the Independents, of that place, by 49 to 18. At Pittsburgh, the Olympics, of that place, gave a perseverance club a severe drubbing—77 to 8. The Clippers, of Peoria, Ill., succumbed to the Excelsiors by 26 to 10. At San Francisco, Cal., the Nationals whipped the Olympics by one run—27 to 26. The only game in this vicinity took place at the Capitoline ground. The Alphas and Athletics had a most exciting contest, which took ten innings to decide. The Alphas won, scoring 38 to 31.

The 12th witnessed the return game of the social "series" between the Atlantics and Athletics, at Philadelphia. The score was 36 to 21 in favor of the latter. At the Union ground the Eckfords whipped the Powhatans—52 to 12. At the Elysian Fields the Empires and Eagles met in their first game. The former won by 41 to 27. On the same day the Olympics, of Washington, again put in an appearance. After vanquishing the Independents, of Mansfield, on the 10th, they returned to Cincinnati, whence on the 12th they gained a substantial victory over the Buckeyes, with the score 36 to 11. On the following day they played their fourth game with the "Red Stockings" and met their fourth defeat, with the totals 19 to 7.

In this vicinity the only game on the 13th came off at the Capitoline ground, where, in a close contest, the Athletics defeated the Excelsiors, with the score 17 to 16.

A very pretty game took place at Troy, on the 14th, on which occasion the Harvard College nine engaged the "Haymakers." The latter won by 22 to 10. At Dresden, Saxony (Germany), on the same day, the American and Union clubs (both composed of Americans) had a game, in which the Unionists proved victorious, with the score 28 to 16. At Jersey City the Champions, with about half of their first nine, won a creditable victory over the Bergens, of Bergen, N. J., by 50 to 4. At Hoboken, the Gothams defeated the Spartas by 54 to 18, and the Unions, of Hudson City, N. J., took the Socials to camp—31 to 28. At Washington, the Nationals and Jeffersons played their second game, which the former won by 56 to 35.

The only event of moment in the vicinity of the metropolis on the 15th was the grand muffin match between the "Stockings"—Green vs. Blue—at the Union ground. The affair called together a large number of spectators and afforded considerable amusement. The Greens were successful, scoring 60 to 43. At Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, the Clarendons, of this city, played the Emeralds, and were defeated—25 to 22. In the City of Brotherly Love the Olympics won a ball from the Intrepids by 34 to 12. At Baltimore the Marylands and Pastimes contended for the Championship of the South. The former were successful, with the score 55 to 19.

On the 16th the Olympics, of Washington, having traveled 700 miles in a freight car, suddenly turned up in Philadelphia. On the same afternoon they encountered the Keystones, and, having been pretty well used up by their long journey, were easily disposed of, with the totals 46 to 31. They tried their fortunes with the Athletics the next day, and, having recovered somewhat from their fatiguing journey, gave their noted opponents all they wanted to do. The score stood 39 to 35 in favor of the Quakers. In the same city, on the 16th, the City Itemizers clipped the Franklins—53 to 26. At the Capitoline ground the Atlantics (their first appearance since the 5th) played a careless game with the amateur Athletics, the score being 30 to 22. On the same day the Champions, of Jersey City, met defeat at the hands of the Eagles, of Flatbush, with the score 10 to 8.

The week commencing on the 17th was the dullest of the month. With the exception of the last day, (Saturday, the 24th,) very little was done. On Monday the Eckfords met the Orientals at the Union ground in the first of a series; the score 33 to 15. At the Elysian Fields the Athletes, of Washington Heights, won a ball from the Empires in a close game, with the score 26 to 23. At the same ground the Orions met their Waterloo at the hands of the Gothams—71 to 18. At Rockford, Ill., the Forest Citys mastered the Garden Citys by 31 to 10.

At Jersey City on the 20th the Champions beat the Alphas, of Brooklyn, the score standing 16 to 5. At the Elysian Fields the Eagles entertained the Bergens, of Bergen, N. J., by defeating them—29 to 25. The return game of the Eckford-Athletic match, at the Union ground on the 21st, resulted in a victory for the latter, the score being 43 to 5. At the Capitoline the Excelsiors gave the Harmonics a drubbing—29 to 22.

On the 22d the Philadelphia Athletics gave the Experts a severe whipping, with the score 99 to 19. Lex made his appearance in the Athletic nine in this game as pitcher. At Cincinnati the "Red Stockings," without Allison, played the Buckeyes, and scored 11 to 10 in five innings. The Orientals went over to the Capitoline ground on the 23d, and in a six innings game with the Atlantics were badly whipped. The score stood 81 to 3. On the same day the Eckfords visited Irvington, where they encountered the club of that name and came off victorious, with the score 45 to 16. At Cleveland the Forest Citys had the Detroit chaps as their guests, and entertained them by defeating them—54 to 9. In the City of Brotherly Love the City Items found their match in the Keystones—40 to 14. At Worcester, Mass., the Tri-Mountains, of Boston, defeated the Fairmounts; the exact figures being 40 to 17.

At Cincinnati, on the 24th, the "Red Stockings" came within an ace of being defeated. On that day, without their catcher, Allison, they met the Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., and, after a tough fight, came out ahead one run—15 to 14. On the following day the Rockford boys gained a creditable victory over the Buckeyes—40 to 1. At Mansfield, Ohio, on the 27th, the Forest Citys knocked the spots out of the Independents—43 to 14. At Louisville, Ky., on the 24th, the Cincinnati Buckeyes defeated the Louisville Club, with the score of 28 to 9. On the same day, at Charleston, S. C., the Carolina Club received a visit from their Savannah brethren. The Georgia ball tossers were too much for the Carolinas, the score standing 55 to 17. At the Capitoline ground the Stars gave the Alphas the go by—31 to 20, and at Prospect Park the Harmonics beat the Eagles, of Flatbush, by 24 to 22.

The Stars again turned up on the 26th in a game with the Powhatans. Victory again perched on their banners, with the score 26 to 11. At the Elysian Fields, on the 27th, the Champions, of Jersey City, defeated the Gothams—27 to 16. At Cincinnati, the Empires, of St. Louis, beat the Buckeyes by 27 to 13. At Buffalo, the Niagaras captured the Unions—25 to 17.

The only recorded game of the 28th came off at Montreal, where the St. Lawrence Club defeated the Montrealers with the large score of 111 to 30. At London, C. W., on the 29th, the Independents, of Dundas, scalped the Tecumsehs by 43 to 18. At Detroit the Forest Citys, of Rockford, played the fourth game of their tour, and defeated the Detroit Club, by 32 to 10. On the same day the Central Citys, of Syracuse, visited Buffalo, and in a game with the Niagaras were defeated by a score of 16 to 11. At Huntington, L. I., the Athletics, of Brooklyn, won a ball from the Suffolks, with the score 15 to 3. The only game in this vicinity came off at the Union ground, between the Eckfords and Irvingtons. It was the return game, and resulted in another victory for the champions, the score standing 25 to 7.

The once celebrated Union Club, of Morrisania, played its first game of the season on the 30th. The Rose Club, of Harlem, was opposed to the Unions and the score stood—Union, 25; Rose, 21. At the Union ground, the "reconstructed" Mutuals made their re-appearance, after an absence of three weeks. They had the Socials as opponents, and scored 31 to 10. At Jersey City the Champions defeated the Empires, of New York, in a close and well played game, by 16 to 14. At Philadelphia the Keystones gave the City Item chaps a terrible drubbing—80 to 26. At Cleveland the Forest Citys entertained the Central Citys, of Syracuse, by beating them. Score, 29 to 23.

On the same day, at Springfield, Mass., the Mutuals met and defeated the Lone Stars, of Chicopee, by 32 to 13. At Baltimore the Marylands found easy work in whipping the Enterprise chaps—33 to 15. On the 31st, the Central Citys, of Syracuse, played the third game of their tour, their opponents being the Detroit Club, of Detroit. The score stood 34 to 14 against the Salt City boys. At the Capitoline ground the Stars defeated the Harmonics, scoring 42 to 25.

ALERT vs. NAMELESS.

Thanksgiving Day at Seton Hall College is a day ever to be remembered by the students of that institution, on account of the victory which they achieved over the Nameless Club, of Brooklyn. The game was commenced at 2 P. M., the Nameless at the bat. The Alert obtaining the lead in the beginning, preserved it throughout the game, gaining an easy victory, as the score shows. On the side of the Alerts, Messrs. Tyers, Butler and Caruana deserve special mention for their excellent play. On the side of the Nameless, the player, *par excellence*, was "Bum." The fourth innings was characterized by a very pretty double play by Butler and Briggs. This is a most creditable victory for the Alerts, and particularly so, as the Nameless left Brooklyn with the greatest confidence in their strength. We append the score:—

ALERT.	H. L.	R.	NAMELESS.	H. L.	R.
St. Lawrence, c	2	6	Colman, c	3	0
Caruana, s s	2	5	Hoyt, c f	2	1
Butler, 2d b	1	5	"Bum," s s	3	0
Pursell, 3d b	5	5	Stair, 1 f	3	0
Tiers, p	1	5	Roberts, r f	2	1
Keogh, r f	2	4	Nelson, 2d b	2	1
Langhan, 1 f	3	4	Smith, 1st b	3	0
Crimmins, c f	2	5	Tomkins, p	1	0
Briggs, 1st b	3	4	Herford, 3d b	2	0
Total	41		Total		3

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Nameless	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	—3
Alert	1	1	0	4	3	10	41	

Fly catches—Pursell 1; Caruana, 2; Butler, 3—6. "Bum," 1; Smith, 1; Hoyt, 1; Tompkins, 1—3. Home runs—St. Lawrence, 1; Butler, 1. Foul catches—Alert, 7; Nameless, 6. Umpire—Mr. M. Campbell, Irvington Club. Scorers—Messrs. White and Lee.

BASE BALL IN TEXAS.

The following is a score of a match game played Nov. 6th, at Austin, Texas, between the Unknown and Independent Clubs:—

UNKNOWN.	H. L.	R.	INDEPENDENT.	H. L.	R.
Collins, p	1	10	C. Cook, p	5	3
Brennen, 1 f

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

POLICY JAKE.

SONG AND DANCE.

Oh! I'm a gallus little moke,
And I live in this town,
In old Kentucky I was born—
My massa's name was Brown;
But when the niggers all got free
I soon gave him the shake,
And came up north, where all the folks
Soon called me Policy Jake.
Chorus—Four, eleven and forty-four
Is what I always take;
When e'er I'm in I'm sure to win,
Because I'm Policy Jake.

I've always got as many stamps
As any other moke;
My togs are good and, what is more,
I'm very seldom broke.
The wenches all around the town
Declare their hearts will break
Unless they, each and every one,
Can marry Policy Jake.
Chorus—Four, eleven and forty-four, etc.

A politician soon I'll be—
For Congress then I'll run;
As Horace Greeley is my friend,
I think it can be done;
And then to Washington I'll go,
The laws I'll help to make,
A healthy Senator they'll have
When they get Policy Jake.
Chorus—Four, eleven and forty-four, etc.

DICK WEAVER.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

"Amateur" of Nov. 6.
Anable, Charles W.
Brown, Jack
Blitz, Jerome
Brink, H.
Buchanan, McKean
Burke, John S.
Barnard, John S.
Bly, Frank O.
Bates, Mark
Brandisi, Sig. J.
Burnett, J. C.
Barry, Billy
Burns, Ed. S.
Breban, J. C.
"Brazilian Family."
Buckley, G. Swaine
Barclay, G. Lappard
Bidaux, Gustave
Chris, (2)
Cooper, Billy
Carner, J. W.
Cohan, Jerry
Chaplin, Lou
Cobb, F. W.
Collins, O. B.(1)
Campbell, S. C.
Davenport, Harry
Denier, John(2)
Devlin, C. Harry
De Hart, Billy
Davenport, G. C.
Dobson, Frank P.(2)
Danforth, Johnny
Dobson, George
Duchon, J. S.
"Derfla."
Elliott, Mr.
Foster, J. H.
Frey, Charles J.
Foote, Com (2)
Fox, Mr.
Falls, Mr
Foote, William
Fisher, Charles
Fox, Eddie
Falconer, R.
Fisher, Daniel
Fisher, Peter
Gardner, F.
Grady, G. G.(2)
Germon, G. G.
Grau, H.
Gewiner, Geo.
Gray, Rubin
Gorman E. F.(2
Gurr, Harry
Hastings, Alf. H.
Hunter, Charnace L.
Howard, Gus.
Hartz, M.
Hicks, L. E.
Hartley, James S.
Hanley, M. W.
Hall, Frank
Howard, Charles W.
Higgin, W. S.
Haight, A.
Hanckell, David
J. H. D.(3)
Jones J.
Jefferson, T. H.
Knight, Frank
Kent, Frank.
Kincade, Philip
King, Thomas
Kelly & Leon
Kendall, E. P.
Lublin, H.
Lipman, Mike
Lang, J. C.
Linyard, Wm. K.
Lindley Harry(1)
Lea, George
Langdon, Harry(2)
McCormick, George
Mack, Capt. Joe H.
Marpey, John
McWade, Robert,
McKoy's Hibernicon
Mack, James
Murray, John H.
Morris, Mace
Meidrum, R. S.
Marks, M.
Melcourt, Louis
Purdy, S. S.
Pendy, Johnny
Plunkett, Charles Jr.
Porter, Billy
Platt, Charles E
Layfield, Charley D.
Rogers, Neil (2)
Runnells, Burnell
Roberts, Prof.
Richardson, C. E.
Rupert, Edwin
Rice, Dan
Stone & Co.
Strickland, Wm. H.
Salesbury, Newt. W.
Sargent, Henry J.]
Springer, Andy
Si. we, John(2)
Swinbourne, John
Slocum, Charles T.
Stout, J. H.
Seaver, George
Thompson, Geo. C.
Wheeler, Ben
Washburn, Leon W.
Washington, Frank H.
Wren, Oliver
Wild, Johnny
Yates, Mr.
Arlington, May
Balfour, Louise
Brocks, Kate
Boquet, Millie
Bonnie, Agnese
Bidwell, Dollie
Connolly, P. E.
Clifton, Emma
Clifton, Viola
Clark, Alice
De Lomoine, Maggie
De Forrest, Zoe
Demming, Addie
Denier, Mrs. John
De Lee, Julia
Evarts, Louise
Gale, Lizzie
Gault, Laura(2)
Gibbons, H. T.
Hunter, Kate
Hudson, Lee
Hart, Mary E.
Hayes, Caroline
Howard, Virginia
La Favre, Lizzie
Lutl, Zobieda(2)
La Rue, Miss Ella
Mitchell, Blagie
May, Georgie
Maras, Mrs. Hiram
Partington Sisters,
Quigley, Mary
Ravel, Marietta(3)
Sweatnam, Jennie
Stewart, Nellie
Stewart, Ellen
Summerfield, Emma
Turner, Emma
Tisseap, Zolrebia
Webster, Florence
Stowe, S. J.(2)

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission $1, reserved seats $1.50; Family Circle, 50c.; Private Boxes, from $12 to $6. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 5d and 4th ave nues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 33c, Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Dress Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—14th street, near 6th avenue.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra and Front Boxes, $1.50; Balcony Boxes, $1; Family Circle, 30c.; Proscenium Boxes, $8 and $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c; Reserved Seats, $1. Children, half price. Doors open at 1 and 7½; commences at 1½ and 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Dress Circle, 50c.; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Secured Seats, 75c; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street.—General admission, 75c.; Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30. commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved, $1; Dress Circle, $1; Orchestra and Parquet, $1.50; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7. commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7. commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $6 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 8½, commences at 1½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 2 and 7. commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra; Children, 25cts. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1; Admission, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Reserved Seats in Parquet and Dress Circle, $1; Private Boxes, $12. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Closed

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 30c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Altoona, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. A. O. Kerr & Co.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. H. Meyers.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. J. Sell & Co.
Chittenango, Penn.—"Kaylor Hall"—D. Kaylor.
Hartford, Conn.—"Roberia' Opera House"—W. W. Roberts.
Chicago, Ill.—"Library Hall"—John Robson.
Petroleum Centre, Pa.—"Abbott's Opera House"—S. Sobel.
Dayton, Ohio—"Ruston Hall"—R. Huston.
Wellington, Ohio—"Franks' Hall"—H. B. Franks.
Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Oakhill, N. Y.—"Meech's Hall"—J. H. Meech.
Hartford, Conn.—"Allyn Hall"—T. M. Allyn.
Baltimore, Md.—"Concordia Opera House"—S. Sondershol.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
New Castle, Pa.—"Jefferson Hall"—Jas. B. McKee.
Rhode Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Fort Plain, N. Y.—"Diefendorf Hall"—S. Keller.
Peoria, Ill.—"Roose's Opera House"—R. Rouse.
Occanpeoni, N. Y.—"Continental Hall"—C. Etheridge.
Keene, N. H.—"Stark's Opera House"—A. J. Sinks.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's Opera House"—Capt. Ivory Goodwin.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Hardin Hall"—C Hardin.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lush.
Port Huron, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Auburn, N. Y.—"Casey Opera House"—Geo. Casey & Sons.
Wyandotte, Kansas.—"Dunning's Hall"—R. G. Dunning.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClurg.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Union Hall"—R. H. Schultz.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Hunt.
Massillon, O.—"Opera House"—J. G. Bucher.
Knoxville, Tenn.—"Haxie's Hall"—Jas. B. Haxie.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Lanchli Hall"—S. T. Reynolds.
Charlotte, Mich.—"Sampson Hall"—Burns & Green.
Meadville, Pa.—"New Opera House"—Peters & Fowler.
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—D. P. Ensign & Co.
Chicopee, Mass.—"Cabot Hall"—Wm. F. Wheeler.
East Liberty, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—J. Perchment, Jr.
Rockville, Conn.—"White's Opera House"—C. White.
Sandusky, O.—"Fisher Hall"—Fisher & Wiedel.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Franenthal.
Bloomsburg, Pa.—"Public Hall."
Terre Haute, Ind.—"Bowling Hall."
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Landmesser's National Hall and Theatre"—C. Kern.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street N. Y.
A. S. Seers, 744 Broadway, N. Y.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.
Alex. Graham, 59 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Malden Lane, N. Y.
Vanderip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Malden Lane, N.Y.
Dazian, 493 Broome street, New York.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nostrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Tripple, 110 N. 8th st., Philad., Pa.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 878 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 100 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 280 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above
Astley & Howard, 84 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 513 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Hessler, 684 Broadway N. Y.
Jas. G. Barnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Wig Makers.—B. Oppenheim, Erie, Pa.
R. L. Wood & Co., Hoboken, N. J.
H. T. Burley, Erie, Pa.
Prismatic Lights.—McLevee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.
H. Sparks, 175 South st., N. Y.
Comic Artists.—L. W. Searry, 654 Broadway, N. Y.
Isaac Burpee, 228 and 230 Sixth avenue, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—M. Hartz, 745 Broadway, N. Y.
Chatterson & Mrs. Taylor, 308 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Fortner, 21 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Flags.—W. C. Wemyss, 3 Astor place, N. Y.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 22, 1869.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS ought to set apart a specified day for thanksgiving, for certainly they have much cause for giving thanks, the great throngs that attended their places of amusement on our National Thanksgiving making it a full and refreshing harvest to one and all. Such immense crowds as sought admittance to all places of public resort on that day and evening was something seldom witnessed, and the hearts of our managers were made glad with exceeding joy and a multiplicity of greenbacks. In our City Summary will be found a record of the receipts of each place of amusement, afternoon and evening, on Thanksgiving, Nov. 18, 1869. At one or two places the aid of the police had to be called in to keep the disappointed amusement seekers in order and prevent them from making a raid on the "ins."..... But holiday nights are not the best for visiting such resorts; things are hurried up and generally mixed and everybody seems to do his or her very worst. "Our Jim" was disgusted on Thanksgiving night by hearing his favorite "Not for Joe" badly butchered by one of the singers of the establishment, and he indignantly remarked that the "knot" for that Joe ought to be applied to his back. This touching expression was heard by another *attache* of the concern, who kicked James in the ordinary manner and in the ordinary place, the boot being evidently, from the impression made, a whole-soled brogan. The insulted boy said it was the worst kind of a case of "centre-feel'd."..... The hungry Bohemians who were counted out of the Vanderbilt "unvailing" have since had a free feed given them, and now all is quiet in Printing House Square. Can't somebody get up a statue to the late lamented "Lime Kiln Man" with "appropriate ceremonies?"..... Actors *have* to exhibit a good deal of cheek or they would never get along; but some few carry the thing a little too far. Now, there's Jake Spivvens, a heavy chap, who has the attic room, back, at our theatrical boarding house. This Jake is enough to try the patience of devils, instead of mortals like his fellow boarders. He finds fault with everything—sasses the "pretty waiter girls," curses the landlady like she was a freebooter, knocks down the little bell-boy like he was a gossimer before the breeze, rings for the attendance of waiters at unseasonable hours, and upon the most trivial pretexts, and by his infernal nonsense keeps us quiet and modest boarders in a constant state of excitement and unrest. But the cheeky Jake recently got the check-ache bad. He had been absent on a tour for about one week, and you never saw such a changed house in all your born days; everything worked along smoothly; the waiter girls said they had been translated to Paradise; the landlady was seen to smile, and look kindly on the boarders, and even went so far in her boldness as to say "good morning;" the little boy was observed in a firm but respectful manner that his bruises were nearly all gone, and that he began to "feel like a peach;" the gentleman what blacks the boots was now seen at his peaceful and polished avocation without a raw oyster plastered on his eye, as was his wont when *he* was there; us boarders just ranged the aisles and corridors of that house like the gentleman who gained such an enviable reputation by crying because there were no more worlds to conquer. We even held a demonstration, expressive of our sense of relief at the absence of the sinful Jacob, and praying that he may be found drowned at the foot of pier 3, North River, some beautiful morning. You never saw such a changed community. It was like getting out of Andersonville prison and getting in the Tombs. [He knows about both places—he's been there.—OUR JIM.] We got up singing parties at the house, and the female boarders—a good many of 'em *ballet* girls—used to drop in after the labors of the night, and we'd have a real good time. Some of the best of us even began to take advantage of the landlady's pleasant demeanor, and ask for fried clams, and steak, and potatoes and such nutritious food, which *we* never once saw while Jake Spivvens was around. Many of us thought we were going a little too far in our demands, that clams and steaks were too much at one sitting, and that the landlady might assume that we were taking advantage of her docilious nature, and all that; but she kindly assured us that as soon as the clams growed and got ripe she would give us a mess; this unostentatious reply went to our hearts like the first gushing of incipient love; we declared that she was a brick, and that every one of us would die for her ere we'd see a rapacious landowner or unscrupulous house agent set her things out in the street. "Boys," says she, one day, for she always called us boys when she was in a good humor, "boys, I want you to stand by me if *he* comes back. Will you do it?" "We will! we will!" was our honest but heart'felt reply. Well, one sorrowful night *he* came back; but *she* was harnessed up and in good condition for a lively scrimmage, and we were there—some of the most courageous of us kindly and economically backed her up and sustained her in this tryin' emergency, and some of the most cowardly of us shrunk away with our tails between our legs like a dog when he's been discouraged in a fight; the little boy *wasn't* there, neither was the premature boot black within hail. This was a trying moment, and some of the timidest of us began to shake in our tracks, as it were; *he* was all swagger, all bluster, all cheek, just like a chap who owns a thousand dollars to his companions' nothing; but he had reckoned without his hostess. *She* was *all* there, boldly confronting this wicked man; *he* swaggered towards the parlor, but *she* was an insuperable barrier in his way. "Jake Spivvens," said she, with the lofty air of Susan Anthony, "your goose is cooked—*I can't put up with me any more!*" Have you, gentle reader, ever seen the combined enragements of a hyena, and tiger, and lion, when stirred up with one long pole in a menagerie? Well, all the wild fury of those domesticated, untamed reptiles were concentrated in Jake Spivvens as the dangerous but well-intentioned landlady uttered those hostile words. *He* was completely taken by surprise, just like our actors and actresses when they are presented with gold bricks, silver tea services, and diamond sets, by kindly and appreciative but unknown friends. First he gazed at *her*; then he gazed at us, as if we were frauds; you know how contemptuously a person can look upon another when the other feels like he is committing an unholy deed of crime, don't you? Just so Spivvens looked, and just so the most submissive and pious of us felt. "W-h-a-t!" says the enraged Spivvens, his teeth gnashing and his whole frame racked with contending emotion. But *she* gnashed and racked just the same as Spivvens, and a few of the most nervous of us got back a trifle, but the rest of us stood firm as a moveable rock. "Jake Spivvins, you can't put of with us any more!" "Why so?" demanded the imperious Jake. "Because," said she, "neither my people or myself *can put up with you any longer*. Ain't I right, boys?" "You are, you are," was our reply, for the best of us had served as supernumeraries, and we knew when to come in with a will. "Who dare stop me?" exclaimed the unchained wholly, and he made an effort to break our ranks, but the boys were wild, and seizing the unicircumcised dog by the scuff of his trowsers, they pitched him into the horse trough, and left him weltering in his gore. Jake Spivvens is now a well-behaved and useful member of society, and to this moment he speaks with reverence of the day he was taught such a salutary lesson in the horse trough. *She*, who has lived to a ripe old age, still continues at the head of our house, and whenever clams are ripe she never fails to provide the "forlorn hope" as she calls her backers on that eventful day, with a good mess of the savory fish. *Moral.*—Never go into the water till you know how to swim..... Some folks seem to think that a pretty woman has only to succeed in establishing a supremacy for those accomplishments which render her fascinating in the eyes of the masculine gender to place her in the most prominent rank in "the profession," and to ensure her fame and fortune. There's Mrs. Siddons, whom so many are fond of quoting. But Mrs. Siddons has talent, and if it had not been for that, we don't conclude that even the prestige of the ponderous nomenclature she bears would have carried her through; mark that! It may be wrong, it may be foolish, but we can't help it; the very mention of the name so indissolubly linked with genius always reminds us of a tall bony woman, standing back on her heels and squaring her huge fist at somebody in the upper tier, after the manner of Ajax defying the lightning, or Mrs. Professor-Doctor-Honorable-Major-General Lucy Stone Blackwell, a challenging of the *Tribune* to come on. But if Siddons had all the original talent S. had had to depend upon, we fancy she would never have "set" to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her portrait. No, no, dear girls; a little beauty is a very good thing in its way, but, after all, it's only the vanilla that flavors the pudding. And, if a girl is pretty, it may be all the worse for her. She's sure to be gobbled up by some *connoisseur* of taste who knows how to appreciate genius—likewise genuines earnings. How many smart women, we'd like to know, can survive the ordeal of having a "Mrs." tacked to their names? However, every one to her taste—and perhaps the interesting young woman who gets off the following "diffusion" thinks she is all right in point of hers. (Privately, we think she is kind o' leering towards "Our Jim.")

"THE BELLE OF THE BOARDS."

I'm trying very hard to think
Whatever it can be,
That makes the men of "worth and weigh"
To fight so shy of me.
Each hour I consult my glass,
I see a face I'll surely pass
A judge's scrutiny.

I see the glossy, wavy curls,
The bright bewitching eye,
That give such power to pretty girls,
And lend them wings to fly,
And though I don't pretend to show
A bosom white as driven snow,
Or lift my skirts too high,

Yet, somehow, when I quite fall in
With all the grave advice
That critics daily poke at us,
Who think such arts are vice,
They pass me by with such *sang froid*,
To chase the latest lyric star,
To chill my blood to ice.

They say I'm the embodiment
Of poetry and soul,
That I am gi ted and all that,
Good looking, on the whole,
That I am lovely, and possess
A fascination that my dress
Cannot at all control.

They say, too, that I "throw myself"—
In attitudes, I mean—
And that I wield a "grecian nose"
My dark, soft orbs between;
That "alabaster" is my throat,
And sweet my voice's highest note,
A form to fit a queen.

They say I have "the sweetest mouth."
Almost "too small to kiss."
But never a word my critics say
What drops from it, I wis!
Heigho! I fear the time will come
When to succeed one must be dumb,
And, like Miss Rita Peevy, sham.
The cold and plastic clay, or hum
Our friends to 'scape a hiss.

City Summary.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the various places of amusement in this city for the month of October, as returned to the different assessors, were as follows:—

Booth's Theatre	$54,139	French Theatre no returns.	
Wallack's Theatre	27,423	Waverley Theatre no returns.	
Olympic Theatre	34,661	Stadt Theatre	$12,421
Niblo's Garden	31,484	Bowery Theatre.	
Tammany	18,119	Wood's Museum	$11,322
Fifth Avenue Theatre	17,445	San Francisco Minstrels	
New York Circus	17 255	Bryant's Minstrels	7,317
Theatre Comique	14,571	Tony Pastor's	7,317
Grand Opera House	13,939	Herrmann	2,768

GUSTAVUS BIDACK arrived in this city on the 20th inst., from Savannah, Ga. He intends remaining here this week.

CHARLES MELVILLE and J. H. Surridge are in town.

MRS AGATHA STAVES sailed for Lima on the 20th inst.

MR. TAYLEURE commenced his season at the French Theatre on the 15th inst., with the production of the local drama of "London," in a prologue and three acts. With regard to the literary merits of the piece, the less said the better; and what success it has met with has resulted from the effective manner in which the stage manager and scene painters have done their work. There are several inconsistencies in the drama, one or two of which destroy its natural tone, and are so undramatic that we felt disposed to condemn the whole play for these outrages on truth and nature. But we will not do so, because there are many good things in it. The local scenery is very good, and well worth seeing. Indeed, the whole piece was mounted with great care and liberality, and was applauded by a pretty good house the first night. In many instances the acting was good. Clara Jennings was well received for her correct delineation of Alice, a poor, distressed, ill treated girl. She played the character very affectingly, and carried off the honors of the evening. Lewis Baker was capital as Ralph. This gentleman is one of the best character actors at present on the stage. F. C. Bangs, both in the prologue and body of the play, looked and acted his part well. Mr. Fitzgerald as the Attorney was too stiff and mechanical for effect. Charles Parsloe had so little to do that his part could be cut out entirely without being missed. Edward Righton as Bob, and Mrs. Hind as Mrs. Ratcliffe, were both good.

E. L. DAVENPORT will shortly re-appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in the comic play of "Daddy Gray."

THE HOWSONS—Celia and John—made their *debut* at Wood's Museum, on the 15th inst., in the burlesque of "Aladdin," the former in the title *role* and the latter as Widow Twankey, with Alice Logan as the Princess. The burlesque was an amusing one, being replete with many local hits, and was interspersed with Offenbachian melodies, etc. The *finale* consisted of the song of "Shew Fly" and can-can. Miss Howson is of prepossessing appearance, has a pretty mouth and a good set of teeth, which she takes every opportunity to display; she also has a good figure, dances cleverly and sings moderately well; unfortunately her articulation is not so distinct as one could wish and at times it has a nasal sound. Mr. John Howson is a clever burlesque actor, and his make-up and acting of the Widow was as ridiculous as could be wished. He must have been laboring under a cold the night we heard him, as his voice appeared to be rather shaky. Yankee Robinson continued his engagement the past week, appearing every afternoon in his Yankee personation of "Darius Dutton." On Thanksgiving three performances were given, at eleven, two and eight o'clock.

"CASTE" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 15th, introducing to the Metropolitan stage Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, after her long sickness; but we are sorry to say that the attendance was very light, not even the reappearance of so good an actress as is this lady, and the presentation of so good a play, being sufficient to attract even a respectably sized audience. The piece has been previously played at the Broadway and Wallack's Theatre, but at neither place was it so magnificently mounted, or better enacted, with but one exception, than at the Fifth Avenue. The scene in the second act was one of the most magnificent sets ever before witnessed in this city. The cast was a strong one, excepting the *role* of Hawtree, which was much better played by Owen Marlowe on its previous representations. Mr. Davidge's Old Eccles was a most enjoyable piece of character acting, and character acting equal to anything we have witnessed of late. Fanny Davenport was a lively Polly Eccles, and James Lewis was good as Sam Gerridge; George Clarke gave a correct and pleasing interpretation of George D'Alroy. Mrs. Chanfrau was magnificently costumed in the second act, and acted with so much ease and so identified herself with the character as to elicit the heartiest applause. It is a great pity that the energetic conductor of Mr. Daly's present pieces in such a manner as he has meet with such poor encouragement. He has one of the most magnificently fitted up theatres in the world, adapted especially to the comfort of the public, and the manner in which he has placed legitimate pieces upon the stage has never been surpassed, and in several instances not equalled by any other manager in this city. Some months ago there was a great cry for the legitimate, and now that it can be had the public let it alone.

GEORGE BUTLER was arrested on the 15th inst., in the suit of libel brought against him by Alex. Henderson, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, and admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000.

"POOR HUMANITY," produced at the Olympic Theatre, on the 8th inst., was withdrawn on the 20th inst., as it failed to draw one good house. In fact it was a lamentable failure, and such a bad business has not been done at the Olympic for a very long time during the past week. The amusing comedietta of "A Bull in a China Shop" was tacked on to "Poor Humanity's" skirts with no better luck than attended the former the first week. This evening C. Dibden Pitt's domestic drama, in three acts, of "The Last Will" will be the bill, with Mr. Holston in a favorite *role*. Ida Vernon is also in the cast.

GEORGE JACKSON, song and dance man, who went from California with Chiarini's Circus, and joined Wash. Norton's Minstrels at Monte Video, arrived here on the 17th inst. Norton will probably return to New York shortly from London.

THE BANJO, which formerly—rude as it was in construction and tone—made "music sweet" for the slaves on our southern plantations, and added so greatly to the enjoyment of those participating in the festivities of the negroes of that section of our country, is no longer the simple instrument in use in our earlier history, but, in the hands of skilful artisans, and men of musical culture, has made such progress in its construction and instrumental improvements as to leave little or nothing to be wished for in the matter of tone, extent of compass, and beauty of workmanship. Much of this improvement in "the old Cremona" is due to the well-known Dobson Brothers, who have made the uses and manufacture of the banjo a life-long study, until they have succeeded in surmounting every apparent difficulty, and now produce an instrument not only delicate, sweet, and deep and powerful in tone, but one of workmanship of which cannot very well be surpassed. The banjo is no longer confined to any one locality, but may be seen and heard in almost every portion of the world; imitations of its peculiar sounds have been introduced into musical compositions for the piano and orchestra by some of our most celebrated composers, and as perfected by the Dobsons, the instrument is used not only on the minstrel boards, but by some of our favorite actresses on the legitimate stage.

MISS LINDLEY, an equestrienne of considerable ability, made her *debut* at the New York Circus on the 15th inst. in a principal pad act, and created a most favorable impression. She rides with great ease, grace and daring, and leaps over garters and banners, through twenty balloons, and a tunnel longer than we have before seen, also a drum so small that it looks as if it was impossible to accomplish the feat. Yet this lady does it well, besides many other clever feats. The Bedouin Arabs are another attractive feature at this house; they do lofty somersaults over horses and various other gymnastic and acrobatic acts. Business continues quite large.

THE SUCCESS that minstrelsy is meeting with in this city is great. Night after night do we witness large audiences in attendance at the entertainment furnished by the San Francisco Minstrels, at their large and comfortable hall on Broadway, directly opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The performance commences at eight precisely and is not over before ten, and for two hours more uninterrupted mirth cannot be listened to at any similar entertainment. The troupe is a large one, among whom are representatives of the best end men, comedians, song and dance performers, etc., to be found in the business. Every one connected with the troupe strives to outdo the other and afford their patrons every enjoyment in their power, and that they succeed in making a good impression is proved by a succession of large houses.

MR. TAYLEURE announces that the local drama of "London" will be repeated this week and at the *matinee* on the 27th inst., at the French Theatre. Since the first night this piece has played smoothly and promises to be a success.

THE WAVERLEY THEATRE has again closed its doors, Charley White not being able to continue his management of the variety business there with such poor houses. After the performance on the 20th inst., the lights were put out, and the establishment will be closed as this week, but re-opens on the 29th inst., as a minstrel hall, introducing the Allen, Pettengill, Delehanty and Hengler troupe of sable harmonists. We shall be pleased to record the success of the troupe.

EDWIN BLANCHARD, with his performing dogs, appeared at the Old Bowery Theatre the past week, and were well received by large audiences. "Der Freischutz" was given on the 19th inst., with W. Whalley in the principal *role*. The house was crowded and the piece well played. The incantation scene was most effectively done. Mr. Blanchard remains the star attraction this week, appearing this evening in "The Dog of the Old Toll House." Under the experienced stage management of Mr. N. H. B. Clarke the Old Bowery is doing a good business, for that gentleman knows how to cater for an east side audience.

"DEMONIO" is the name of a *ballet* produced at the Theatre Comique the past week under the direction of Mons. Grossi. M'lles Augusta, Venturoli and Lusuardi were the *premier danseuses*, while Millie Young, Lizzie Whelpley, Lucy Cumings, Mlle. Josephine, Annette and Lottie La Pointe, Anna Birch, Mary Coulson, Hattie Engel, Florence Trueman, Rosina Negro, Flora Chapman and Ella Nichols were the demons. The *ballet* was very well done, is handsomely dressed, and all the ladies engaged in it appeared to advantage and were well received. Augusta is a pleasing and graceful *danseuse*, and so is Venturoli, and each have their admirers. This *ballet* is repeated this week, and as a feature of the entertainment. Annie Hindle appeared in a number of new songs the past week, one of which was "Act on the Square," Morrissey Little's songs and dances, Hughey Dougherty's stump speech, Blanche Stanley's serio comic songs and James Wambold's banjo solo were all well received. Hughey Dougherty must be rather an expensive performer to Manager Butler, judging by the number of chairs he knocks about and breaks in his act with a large number of them. This week Lillie Hall appears in a number of character songs, and Mlle. Anscheta Ronzani takes Lusuardi's place in the *ballet*.

So Long as Bryant's Minstrels can perform to such densely crowded audiences as they are at present and have been doing for a number of weeks, they will be in a happy mood, for more delighted and crowded assemblages have not been seen inside of a minstrel hall in this city for years. But while Daniel is enjoying such a run of good luck he should not take advantage of it and by any seeming carelessness on his part lose his hold of the good opinion of the public. The company give a good show, "that there is of that" but we complain of is its not being long enough. The entertainment has been over every night of late at twenty-five minutes of ten, giving only one hour and thirty-five minutes show. Now, this is cutting it a little too short. Two hours is long or short enough, and that heretofore has always been the regular allowance by minstrel bands. The popular song and dance of "Shoo Fly" continues on the bills.

NELSE SEYMOUR, who has been absent in London, Eng., for several months, re-appears in this city this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in some of his amusing Ethiopian sketches. In addition to Mr. Seymour, Sig. Bliss, styled the Man Fly; C. E. Collins, the "Cure;" Bobby Daly, character, song and dance performer, and Lew Cole, Ethiopian comedian, appear. Tony Pastor will give a number of his comic songs and the evening's fun will terminate with a comic drama.

A VARIETY PROGRAMME is presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this week by Mr. Daly, who gives for the re-appearance of E. L. Davenport this evening, "London assurance," followed, on the 23d, by "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," introducing, for the first time on any stage, a young lady of this city; 24th, "Old Heads and Young Hearts;" 25th, "Everybody's Friend," which is to be repeated on the 26th and the *matinee* on the 27th; on the 29th, the comic play of "Daddy Gray" is announced.

LOTTA, who has continued her engagement at Niblo's Garden to a succession of very crowded houses, appears this evening in Falconer's military drama of "The Fire Fly," in which she will introduce some new songs. J. H. Taylor, George Aiken, Fred Maeder and Miss Edwards have been engaged for this piece.

YANKEE ROBINSON is in the third week of his engagement at Wood's Museum. He repeated his performance of "Darius Dutton" every afternoon—excepting Saturday—the past week, to the delight of the little folks as well as many of larger growth. This week he appears every evening in "A Yankee in China." Every afternoon the Howsons appear in "Aladdin." Yankee Robinson is "up" for a farewell benefit on the 25th inst. The Howsons will appear in the burlesque of "Kanilworth" on the 29th inst.

JENNY WORRELL, one of the well known Worrell Sisters, was married in Jersey City on the 8th inst., to James H. Barre, a broker of this city, from whom his former wife recently obtained a divorce.

THE HANLON BROTHERS, who have been the great attraction at the Tammany the past three weeks, are announced to terminate their engagement with the close of the present week. On Thanksg

ighting fair audiences all the week with her impersonation of 'Pancho,' which has been given here very often. She has been supported by James Duff as Landry, N. D. Jones as Dr. Ner and Mrs. H. P. Grattan as Old Fades, in an acceptable manner, but of the remainder of the cast the least said the better. On Thanksgiving afternoon, Dr. J. S. Jones' drama of 'Moll Pitcher' was given, with Mrs. Grattan in the title *role* (her original character). This afternoon, 20th inst., is the last time of 'Fanchon,' and to-night Edwin Booth plays 'Richard III' for the benefit of his brother, J. B. Booth, the manager of the theatre. .....Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul opened at the Adelphi on the 15th inst., in their specialties. The programme opened with the comedietta 'Delicate Ground,' in which Lingard, Alice Dunning and E. F. Thorne appeared. Then began the real enjoyment of the evening, when Mrs. Howard Paul sang two delightful little songs from 'La Grande Duchess,' which were 'Le Gende du Vene' and 'Ah! que j'aime les militaires.' Then came Mr. Paul's impersonation of 'Captain Vane, of the Life Guard's Pink,' which has been made so familiar to us through Lingard's similar song of Captain Jenks. After this we had Mrs. Howard Paul's lecture on 'Women's Rights,' comical in the extreme, introducing the laughable song of 'Bother the Men.' Mr. Howard Paul then gave the song 'What Our Swells are Coming To,' in a costume said to have been designed by Gustave Doré, and which was capital. This was followed by Mrs. Paul's narrative of the Adventures of the Kicklebury Family doing Paris, written especially for her by T. W. Robertson, the dramatist. In the course of this she introduced the famous Sneezing Song, which was well done. Mr. Paul then closed his share of the performance by singing in character of Staley Mildew, what the bills call the sickest song on record, 'That's What's the Matter.' The whole performance ended with Mrs. Howard Paul's imitation of Sims Reeves, singing the beautiful ballad of 'Love's Request,' which is supposed to be a perfect imitation of the great tenor. This entertainment of the Pauls' is one of the most amusing in Boston. On Thanksgiving the Pauls removed to the Tremont Temple, for that night only, and at the Adelphi, Mr. Lingard and troupe gave two performances of 'All That Glitters is Not Gold,' the Lingard sketches and 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White,' at all of which full audiences were in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Paul remain but one week longer. .....At the Museum, the sensation drama of the 'Lone House' was produced on the 15th, with a fair cast and superb scenery. It was first brought out in this city, I believe, at the Howard Athenæum, when under Wyzeman Marshall's management, many years ago, but it is quite new to the majority of our theatre goers, and so has proved very successful. Rachel Denvil made her first appearance as the Countess de Fergnerolles, she having joined the company. She was correct in her reading, and will, doubtless, do better after she has become more acquainted with her audience. The rest of the cast was good. The drama was followed each evening by the laughable farce of 'Turn Him Out.' On Thanksgiving three performances of the 'Lone House' were given, which was rather hard on the actors."

OF THEATRICALS in Albany, N. Y., a correspondent says:—"'The Ticket of Leave Man' ran four nights to good houses. Boniface's Hawkshaw was a fine personation. Frank Lawlor's Brierly; Santelle's Jem Dalton; Ryer's Mr. Gibson, and Crosby's Green Jones were all good. Crosby sang 'Mutton Pies' to the air of 'Tommy Dodd.' Miss Dargon's May Edwards was a fine piece of acting. Miss Greenwood, 81 State St., Emily; Miss Alice, Rose's Sam Willoughby, and Mrs. Farren's Mrs. Willoughby, were all good. The above piece was withdrawn after the 16th, and on the 17th 'Formosa' was produced with Boniface as Tom Burroughs. The various parts were acceptably played. There was a 'Formosa' *matinee* on Thanksgiving, and the theatre was crowded, as it was in the evening. In rehearsal, 'Under the Gaslight.'"

"FORMOSA" was produced at the Opera House, Troy, N.Y., on the 15th, and retained the boards throughout the week. Our correspondent, "Mose," says:—"Manager Everett spared no pains in putting it on the stage in a creditable manner. The scenery was splendid, the villa scene, Bridge on the Thames, &c., being particularly fine. D. F. Brooker, scenic artist, and his assistants, are entitled to much credit for their artistic labors. The race between the Oxford and Cambridge crew was very effective, and was received nightly with applause. The piece was produced under the supervision of T. E. Morris, who appeared as Sam Boker. The cast was for the most part excellent. As Tom Burroughs, Mr. Walter Grisdale was good at times, and if he could get over some stage mannerisms would make an acceptable actor. The Sam Boker of T. E. Morris was an excellent performance. The Bob Sanders of Harry Everitt was only clever. The Compton Kerr of J. L. Gossin was one of the best enacted characters in the piece. W. H. Eldred enacted the part of Major Jorum in a manner satisfactory. The part of Spooner by E. G. Packard was rather a tame performance. Mrs. E. T. Stetson did excellently as Formosa; she dressed with great taste. Edith Burroughs was well sustained by Nelly H. Young. Miss May Fiske, a recent accession to the company, appeared as Nelly Sanders and made a most favo able impression. The Lord Eden of Fanny Prestige was a lively and spirited performance; she looked and acted the lord to life. The minor parts were generally well played. 'Formosa' has during the week drawn a succession of good houses. On Thanksgiving day there was two performances given, when it was almost impossible to obtain standing room either in the afternoon and evening."

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS had a hearty welcome in Auburn, N. Y., on Thanksgiving evening. The Auburn *News* says:—"The Zavistowski Sisters were highly recommended by the press of Rochester and other cities, and the Sisters surpass all recommendations. Their first appearance was greeted by a very large audience. 'Ixion' was the burlesque chosen for the introduction. The Zavistowski Sisters are three in number (this we believe was the numeral of the graces). Christine, the eldest, was Jupiter, the ruler of high Olympus, and right royally she did it. Ixion, the immortal mortal among the immortals, the bold cavalier, who won the hearts of all the godesses, the spouse of Jupiter, the unsuscepible Minerva, and the audience, was represented by the gay, dashing, and high spirited Emeline. The winged messenger of the gods, Mercury, the business was to run errands (if we remember rightly our mythology) and whose private concern was to make mischief, was fitly personated by the sprightly, piquant and vivacious Alice, the youngest of the trio. Incident upon the piece (a charming one) was the song and dance, 'Love among the Roses,' by Miss Alice, whose twinkling feet made responsive both hands and feet of the audience, the applause, hearty and prolonged, compelling a second and third repetition."

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT dilates as follows on things theatrical in that city:—"For the past three weeks, at the Arch Street Theatre, immense audiences have nightly been 'Lost at Sea,' and so great has been the success of this dramatic sensation that it will retain the boards four nights of the present week, and, although far from being the best literary effort of either of its constructors, Messrs. Boucicault and Byron have produced a taking and money making drama, which serves to put money in the pockets of its authors and the managers. On Friday evening Mrs. Drew re-appears as Lady Teazle in the 'School for Scandal.' Saturday's bill consists of 'How She Loves Him' and 'The Gipsey Farmer.'.....Edwin Forrest, assisted by Miss Lillie and Mr. Harris, concludes at the Walnut Street Theatre. 'Jack Cade,' 'King Lear,' 'Metamora,' 'Richelieu' and 'The Gladiator' fill the bills the current week on the Forrest nights. On Saturday afternoon and evening will be given Arthur Mattison's version of 'Enoch Arden.' Considerable merriment has been excited during the past week by the announcement upon the bill-board of the Walnut that the eminent tragedian would appear in *Shakespeare's* 'Virginius,' showing a great amount of dramatic erudition on the part of the gentleman who indited the bill. ..... 'Brutus,' 'The Workmen of New York' and 'The Curse of Drink' filled the bill the past week at Laura Keene's Theatre, of which latter play a broadbrim critic exclaimed that there was something in the very title which he dreaded; *'mania potu* is a dire disease, and it must be a satisfaction to the fair manageress that in the production of this moral drama she has aroused one sinner, if no more, to a sense of the fearful ink upon which he stood. Robertson's comedy of 'School' will be produced this week, with Laura Keene as Naomi Tighe. Mr. Vining Bowers has been succeeded in the stage management at this establishment by Mr. B. A. Baker, who acted in a like capacity at Laura Keene's Theatre, New York ..... Change of bill and change of faces is the order of things at the American Theatre. The following are the first appearances on the 22d:—Miss Eva Brent, the 'Queen of Song;' W. H. Mafiin, burlesque dancer, in his spade and ladder dance, and Gaston, the Fire King. Alf. Burnett is announced to comicalize one week more. Harry Leslie's new pantomime, 'Love Among the Petticoats,' will be given for the first time and a grand *ballet* and burnt cork melange by the colored troops and the daughters of Terpsichore. Rita Percy, the statuesque artist, is announced to appear Nov. 29."

THE WALLACE SISTERS—Agnes, Jennie, Minnie and Maud—with S. S. Villa, closed a week's business at Easton, Pa., on the 20th. Mr. Nugent, the low comedian, lost his only child, four years old, a beautiful little boy. He died at Wilkesbarre, on Sunday, the 14th, and was buried in that city. The whole company attended the funeral.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY played at Yorkville, N. Y., on Thanksgiving night. "Camille" and the "Irish Tiger" formed the bill. J. D. Bryan came before the curtain and stated that he was the only one in the farce that knew his part, and so terminated the performance.

EMMA WEBB was privately married on Oct. 5th, in Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. Navarre, a French gentleman. A few days after he sailed for France, and on Saturday, Nov. 20th, the lady sailed for San Francisco by the steamer Alaska.

KINGSLEY'S COMEDY COMPANY played in Amboy, Ill., for one week, with Mlle. Elise Scott as the star. C. B. Howard, from McVicker's, Chicago, joined this company on the 10th. G. Lippard Barclay, comedian, left on the 19th for Chicago.

MANAGER CARR, of the Rochester Theatre, and his company, with the Zavistowski Sisters, opened a six nights' engagement in Auburn, N. Y., on Thanksgiving night, the company appearing in "Ixion" and "A Quiet Family" to one of the largest audiences ever seen in the Opera House. Our correspondent says:—"They played to good advantage and meritoriously, each one vieing with the other in doing their best. The sisters became favorites at once, were loudly *encored* at each appearance, and acted in a sprightly and versatile manner."

MISS ADA MARIAN was to appear as Dora Sunnyside in "Octoroon," at the Newark, N. J., Opera House, on the 22d inst. On Thanksgiving night she made a success in the part of Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin" and as Topsey.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Wheeling, West Va., can be rented from Nov. 27th to Dec. 24th. For particulars see advertisement.

SAM RYAN, with a dramatic company, appeared in Wilmington, N. C., the past week, and goes next to Augusta, Ga. The party consists of Samuel Ryan, Harry Wood, W. H. Crisp, Jr., Samuel L. Knapp, W. H. Burton, T. Sinclair, W. Sheldon, Louise Hawthorne, Lizzie Eldridge, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Lizzie Herbert, Miss Alexander and Miss Teresa.

ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Quincy, Ill., for three nights, commencing on Nov. 17th, with the play of "Arrah Na Pogue," with Miss Fanny Denham Rouse as the star attraction.

THE BURNING of the Rochester Theatre leaves Miss Marion Clarke, leading lady, also Clarke Cussie Logan, second chambermaid, open for engagements. Their address is 107½ Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

ANNIE CORELLA, singing and dancing *soubrette* and burlesque actress, has vacant time from March, 1870. Managers will find her agent's address in another column.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for the month of October, were as follows:—Strakosch, $6,883; Grau, $1,415; Professor Wiseman, $310; Lowell and Simmonds, with Maggie Mitchell, $780.

THE RECEIPTS of the Boston Theatre for October are given as follows:—Howard Athenæum, $19,596; Selwyn's, $14,572; Museum, $13,336; Adelphi, $7,488. No returns from the Boston Theatre.

MCKEE RANKIN opened in Detroit, Mich., on the 15th inst. in "Rip Van Winkle."

"FORMOSA" was played in Columbus, Ohio, on the 18th inst. to a slim house, and was repeated on the 19th to another bad house. "Bast Lynne" was given on the 17th, with Mo'lena Bradan in the title *role*.

A. G. MILLER, with twenty-six people known as "Miller's Alhambra," opened at Jackson Hall, East Saginaw, Mich., on Thanksgiving evening in "Our American Cousin," to a crowded house.

JEAN HOSMER closed at the New Nashville Theatre on the 20th inst. Our correspondent, "Landry," says:—"The New Theatre has been doing a fair share of biz with Jean Hosmer, but the second week of her engagement has not proved as profitable as the first. Probably one reason of this is that Miss Hosmer does not bring out anything new, but plays most of the plays of the olden time. For instance 'Stranger,' 'Honeymoon,' 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Hunchback,' in fact her entire *repertoire* consists of stale pieces. Miss Hosmer is a good actress and excels in the legitimate, but Nashville has had too much of that. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Messrs. E. R. Dalton and Wallace Britton for their fine acting, attentive study and neat dressing. Nellie Johnson, though not having been in the cast as frequently as otherwise (during Miss Hosmer's engagement) yet every character she sustained was played well. She is one of the best leading ladies that Nashville has ever had upon its boards. .....The Worrell sisters were at Masonic Hall for three nights last week. On the 7th they received a complimentary benefit, and a full house greeted them."

C. W. COULDOCK made his bow at Jackson Hall, East Saginaw, Mich., on the 12th inst., and played two nights to good houses. The opening piece was the "Willow Copse," in which Mr. Couldock as Old Luke Fielding was supported by his daughter, Miss Eliza Couldock, as Rose, Harry Jordan as Bill Staggers, J. H. Rogers as Augustus, Emma Jackson as Lucy and W. C. Pope as Sir Richard Vaughn. On the 13th they played "Chimney Corner" and "Day After the Wedding." On the 15th the company produced "Willow Copse" at Saginaw City; and from thence they went to Pontiac, where they played one night, and thence to Detroit, where they closed the week.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter re-opened at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., on the 17th, for four nights, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the house was rather light. The opening bill was the "Willow Copse."

THE LITTLE ROCK, Ark, Theatre has opened for the season. Jennie Wilmore appeared as the star on Nov. 15th. A correspondent says:—"The opening programme was 'The Honeymoon' and 'Toodles,' with George S. Gray as the Duke, W. J. Halpin as Rolando, George B. Radcliff as the Mock Duke, Lizzie Maddern as Juliana, Billy Gray as Volante, K. M. Wright as the Count and P. M. Penny as Balthazar. The young actor, Halpin, met with an enthusiastic reception, as did Miss Maddern and Miss Gray. George Radcliff has become a favorite. The company is good and deserves success. Jennie Wilmore, the English *soubrette*, opened on the 15th in 'Middy Ashore' and 'Pygmalion.' Albert Aiken opens on the 23d for two weeks, and will be followed by the Partington Sisters.

THE DEATH OF ANNIE LOCKHART is announced by telegram as having occurred at Salt Lake City on Nov. 20th, after a long sickness. She was the wife of Harry Jackson, at present stage manager of the Parepa Rosa Opera Troupe. Together they visited California from Australia four years ago, making her *debut* in San Francisco at Maguire's Opera House, on Nov. 6th, 1865, as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." They remained in that city for some time, Mr. Jackson continuing at the Opera House, and Mrs. Jackson appeared at the California Theatre. About the time she left Maguire's and opened at the latter theatre, a separation took place between Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. Mr. J. came east and joined the Parepa Troupe, while the lady went to Salt Lake, where she appeared at the theatre with success. A few weeks ago she was taken sick and died as stated above.

W. H. LINGARD left Evansville, Indiana, on the 25th inst. for a few months' traveling tour, opening in Albany, N. Y., on the 26th, for two nights, and go thence to Providence, R. I., Hartford, Conn., New Haven and Springfield, Mass. Marshall P. Wild is the advance agent.

MRS. THOMAS BARRY, who suffered indisposition brought on by sudden cold during the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in Boston, the past week, is convalescent and was to resume her *role* of Oberon on the 22d inst.

MARIETTA RAVEL closed in Williamsport, Pa., with her dramatic company, on the 20th inst., and went thence to Lock Haven on the 22d for four nights.

J. C. MYERS' COMPANY is billed ahead as follows:—Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 24th and 25th; Danbury, 26th, 27th, 29th and 30th; Norwalk, Dec. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th; Bridgeport, 6th and 7th; New Haven, 8th; Hartford, 9th and 10th, with Yankee Robinson, and full brass band and orchestra.

THE PARTINGTON SISTERS, Sallie and Kate, put in an appearance on the 15th inst., for a short engagement, at the Academy of Music, Omaha. Their opening bill was "Wandering Boys," a banjo solo by Kate, a banjo duett by Kate and Sallie, and "Pocahontas." Our correspondent says:—"A fair house greeted them on their opening night, but the attendance has fallen off greatly since. They are clever with the banjo and Kate dances well. Their singing is passable, while in speaking parts they are only tolerable."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., the Leffingwell Combination opened on the 15th, to a fine house, in "Victim of Circumstances" and "Romeo Jaffier Jenkins;" on the 16th, "Cinderella" and "Jenkins;" the two following nights he repeated, to as good houses, the above bills; 19th, "Billiards." "Mr. Leffingwell," says our correspondent, "Claude," has improved considerably since his last visit here, and is good in everything he has given us. He has been well supported by Mrs. Leffingwell, Millie Sackett, Adele Palmer, J. E. Irving and John Ogden."

KATE REIGNOLDS opened at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 15th inst., in "Nobody's Daughter." Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Miss Reignolds assumed the triple *role* Jennie Mitsom, Lady Eversleigh and Mlle. Brewer. The piece was presented during Miss Reignold's engagement last season, and during her present engagement has produced, as it did then, a sensation. The admirable style in which it has been brought out, the mountings and scenic effects are especially worthy of commendation. Miss Reignolds in her acting displayed, even in a greater degree, that forcible, impassioned and emotional style for which she has gained such an enviable notoriety. Her efforts were frequently greeted with vociferous plaudits. The Victor Carrington of James O'Neil was a success, and, as a first appearance, he acquitted himself most creditably; Jos. Hamlin's Lafayette, the villain, was a natural and artistic rendition; W. D. Shiels as Sir Oswald Eversleigh, was correct and satisfactory; the balance of the cast, with one or two exceptions, was weak and inefficient. Some forgot their parts, which caused the play, at times, to drag heavily, and considerably vex the other performers and the audience. The second performance of the same piece, on the following night, worked more smoothly. The same piece was also presented on the 17th, Thanksgiving morning, and 'Shadow or Child of Crime' and the 'Youthful Days of Richelieu.' Both of these plays were again presented in the evening, with Miss Reignolds as the heroine in each. The same bill was offered on the 19th. Miss Reignolds will appear during her engagement in the historic character of 'Marie Antoinette,' as enacted by her last season. The latest acquisition to Miss Reignolds' *repertoire*, entitled 'The Serpent on the Hearth,' is unseen as yet."

MSS. COPIES of "Charles O'Malley," can be had of J. Morton, who advertises in another column.

PLAYS can be had of W. Hepburne. See his card elsewhere.

FRANK MELROSE advertises that he can be engaged for seconds, also that he is prepared to arrange with managers for the production of "Wilford Darlei."

J. A. LORD'S DRAMA AND OPERA COMPANY opened in Macon, Mo., on Nov. 12th, for five nights, and was to go thence to St. Joe, for two weeks.

MRS D. P. BOWERS terminated her engagement at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., on the 20th inst For her farewell benefit on the 19th she played "Lady Audley's Secret" to a good house. This week Frank Mayo is the star.

Musical.

STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—In response to a circular addressed by Eben Tourjee, of Boston Musical Jubilee fame, to a number of choral organizations, for the formation of a State Musical Society, fifty societies replied that they would send delegates to the meeting held in Boston on the 11th inst., at which resolutions were adopted that the association shall be called the Massachusetts section of the National Musical Congress, and that its officers shall consist of an executive committee of seven, who shall have the management of all its affairs, financial and otherwise, to be elected annually from the state choral societies. The executive committee was chosen as follows:—George W. Palmer, Boston; L. B. Ellis, New Bedford; A. C. Munroe, Worcester; D. B. Hagar, Salem; Hon. C. R. Ladd, Springfield; H. Roberts, Chelsea; and T. E. Clark, Lawrence. The secretary stated that of the 10,500 singers who participated in the Jubilee, 8,632 belonged in Massachusetts, and he had no doubt, if the societies were canvassed, a much larger membership would be found. After remarks by Hon. Elisha Dyer, of Providence, President of the National Musical Congress, a resolution was adopted recommending that all choral organizations throughout the country unite, without further delay, with the National Musical Congress, under the provisions of the constitution of that body, and pledging the efforts of the delegates present in that direction.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS sang recently in Lancaster, Pa. Mr. E. M. Kerr, basso, and Mrs. E. M. Kerr, soprano, left the company at that place. Mr. Kerr will settle down in Altoona, Pa., in the general insurance business. The vacancies in the company will be filled by A. W. Woodward, the former basso of the troupe, and Mrs. E. D. Ross, contralto, of Easton, Pa.

THE HUTCHINSONS, of the "Tribe of Asa," concertized at Flint, Mich., on the 17th inst.

THE BOSTON MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB gave two concerts in the Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., on the 12th and 13th inst.

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, New Orleans, was well attended during the week ending Nov. 13. Our correspondent, "Crescent," says:—"As most of the seats and boxes in the lower part of the house belong to subscribers, they are always cert in of being filled during the earlier part of the season, while the voices of the artists are still new, and before the operas produced have grown stale by their frequent repetition. The audience in itself is a very singular one, being more than half composed of the old Creole element, who never visit any other place of amusement, although during the last two seasons the American element has increased largely. On Saturday evening, November 6th, the 'Huguenots' was repeated. On Sunday, the dramatic company appeared in a comedy-vaudeville, in 5 acts, entitled 'Gentil Bernard,' after which there was a comic dance by M. Charles and Nieli Noely, called 'Blaise and Babet.' On Monday evening Donizetti's beautiful two act opera of the 'Child of the Regiment' was produced, in which M'lle. Dupuy carried off the honors of the evening by her brilliant vocalism and charming archness of style in her acting; during the second act she sang an air called 'La Belle Bourbonnaise,' which created a decided sensation by its beauty, the lady having to repeat it. On Tuesday evening 'Trovatore' was to have been sung, but the sudden indisposition of the leading tenor, M. Michot, compelled the management to substitute the 'Child of the Regiment,' and the pretty little operetta of 'Le Maitre le Chappelle.' On Thursday evening, 11th inst., M. Michot having recovered, the opera of 'Trovatore' was produced in fine style, M. Michot appearing as Maronguе, M. Dumestre as the Count de Luna, M. Depassio as Fernand, Mlle. Arnal as Leonore, and Mlle. Zeisa as Azucena, the latter lady making her first appearance in this city. I rather think a majority of the audience were a little disappointed by the lady, she having been praised so highly; although a fine artist, her voice has not the power of force for a first rate contralto; at least it did not seem so on this occasion. On Saturday, 13th, 'La Dame Blanche' was to be produced, with Mr. Ketlin as George Brown, with Mad. Mineur Pottier as Anna, both of whom make their *debuts*. 'Norma' is in rehearsal and will probably be the next opera produced."

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE play the first two nights of this week in Indianapolis, and go thence to Louisville for the balance of the week. On the 29th inst the troupe opened in St. Louis, Mo., for two weeks, and then return to Chicago for the holidays. Our correspondent, "Amusement," writing from Chicago, says:—"The features of the second season will be 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Norma,' 'Faust,' with Hersee as Marguerite, and 'The Marriage of Figaro.' The recent season in this city was a most successful one. Receipts for the first week were $13,000; for the second, $12,000; for the third, $11,000. The best nights of the season were the first performance of 'Martha,' the 'Bohemian Girl' and 'The Marriage of Figaro.' The *matinee* performance of 'Martha' was a great success. 'Somnambula' and the 'Black Domino' drew the poorest houses, although the performance of the former was one of the best of the season."

THE PAREPA ROSA ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE appeared all last week at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, opening on Monday night (15th), in "La Sonnambula." Our correspondent says:—"Rose Hersee *debuted* as Amina, and fairly took the audience by storm. She is very *petite* and in cute, girlish acting, reminds one, somewhat, of Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon. Her voice is a very clear soprano, and in volume and sweetness took every one by surprise, the expectation having been that she was but ordinary. There was a fair, but by no means large audience. Lawrence, who sang Count Rudolph, is also new to our village, and made a good impression; Castle was the Elvino, and was heartily welcomed. He was in excellent voice, and, together with Hersee, was called before the curtain at the close of each act. On Tuesday, Parepa herself appeared as Maritana, to a full house, although it was a bad night, raining heavily. Her superb voice was only what was anticipated, but her extremely clever acting rather exceeded expectations. Castle's acting, as the rollicking Don Cæsar, was fine. Campbell appeared, for the first time as Don Jose, to good advantage. On Wednesday evening, the 'Bohemian Girl' was given, with Parepa as Arline, the spacious hall being absolutely packed. Nordblom, the English tenor, made his *debut* in this piece. His rendition of the popular air, 'Then You'll remember Me,' was fine, and received an *encore*. On Thursday, 'Faust' was given, with Hersee as Marguerite, the house being very large. Friday, Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro' was billed, with every one of the leading artists in the cast. The sale of secured seats was the largest of the week. 'Fra Diavolo' was given for Saturday's *matinee*, and 'Martha' in the evening. The troupe play this week in Indianapolis and Louisville."

W. B. HARRISON, humorous vocalist and impromptu rhymer, can be engaged through his agents, Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds.

THE FRANKO FAMILY made their bow for the first time before a Washington audience at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst. They charged an admission of $1, and at the first performance there were not twenty-five people in the audience. Had they charged half the sum, the attendance would have been large, for the children possess wonderful musical talents and are really clever. So writes our correspondent, "Novice."

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS performed at Amboy, Ills., on the 15th to a crowded house, and opened in Mendota on the 16th.

CARLOTTA PATTI is billed for one concert in Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 25th, in Corinthian Hall.

MARIANNE STRESOW, late violinist to King William, of Prussia, and only twelve years of age, can be addressed as per card in another column.

GRAU'S GERMAN OPERA are in their second week at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

Variety Halls.

THE GAIETY THEATRE, Milwaukee, Wis., was destroyed by fire on Nov. 15th. It seems that two of the actors were giving a fencing exhibition, when one accidentally dropped his foil, which struck and overturned one of the kerosene lamps used for footlights. In attempting to right it the lamp was broken. The oil spread and almost instantaneously communicated with the other lamps, and in less time than it takes to write it the whole stage was enveloped in flames. Before the audience had time to rush to the doors the whole interior of the theatre was a mass of flames. Men and boys rushed for the door, overturning and trampling upon each other in their scramble to escape the terrible death threatening them. After the rush had somewhat ceased, heartrending cries for assistance were heard proceeding from the interior of the burning building. A man named Murphy rushed into the flames and succeeded in pulling out a sailor named Delaney, who, but for the timely assistance rendered, would have fallen a victim to the flames. Still the cries for help continued, but those who would have rendered assistance but that the attempt would have been certain death, were obliged to turn away and allow the poor unfortunates to perish in their funeral pyre. Several of the wounded were taken to neighboring houses, where their injuries were dressed by physicians promptly in attendance. John C. King, the lessee of the theatre, was fearfully burned about the hands and face while trying to save the building. He was badly scorched that the skin peeled off in great rolls. Henry Sparks, the colored cook of the Russell House, was seriously scorched by the flames, and F. W. Hovey and John D. Funk sustained painful though not dangerous injuries. E. D. Bangs was also badly burned about the face and hands. A young man named William Brewer, about eighteen years of age, a printer by trade, was found in the ruins; his hands were consumed and lay above his head and contained a mass of hair, which he had torn from his head in his death agonies. His clothes were mostly burned from his body. An actress, who came out of the second story window, had her clothes in flames as she came through and the fire was not extinguished till she struck the walk. An actress who was in the front room up stairs with several other persons leaped from the window, and a pole being held to her, slipped down to the sidewalk. In about three-quarters of an hour the flames were so far subdued as to render it possible though hazardous, for the chief engineer McLaughlin penetrated a short distance and discovered the body of a man lying about 10 feet within the entrance of the theatre against the wall. A ladder was taken in and the body brought out. It was burned to a crisp. He was so completely charred that recognition was impossible. The building was owned by Wm. H. Eldred, late of Milwaukee City, but now of Minneapolis, Minn. It was valued at about $4,000; insured for $1,000. The furniture and fixtures were the property of Otto Zweltusch. They were valued at about $800; no insurance. All the actors lost their wardrobe and several of them lost their street suits, were fortunate enough to escape with their lives, however, although several narrowly escaped being caught in the devouring flames. The gas had been taken from the building a few days since, and kerosene substituted to save expense. The Gaiety Theatre was a small building, of brick, two stories in front and running back one. It was built many years ago as a bowling saloon, and was known for years as the Badger Bowling Saloon. In 1866, after the Varieties Theatre, on Wisconsin, East of Water street, was burned, Norman Cadwell fitted the place up as a sort of concert saloon, and it was then known as the Varieties. It was a long, narrow building, the concert room being on the first floor and running back some 150 feet, and the rooms above and in front being used as private wine rooms. Until within a few nights of the fire the place had been closed for some months, when John C. King leased it.

IN PHOTOGRAPHS, Pa., the past week, the variety business is reported by our correspondent, "J. E. B." as having been good at the Pittsburgh Theatre and Trimble's Varieties. He says:—"The operatic burlesque of 'La Sonnambula,' now being played at the Varieties Theatre, has proven one of the most popular burlesques ever produced in this city. It is splendidly mounted and the cast of characters has been judiciously made. Belvil Ryan represents Amina; E. D. Gooding, Count Rodolpho; Lilie Beckett, Alaida; and Ella Berry, Elvino. Previous to the performance of 'Sonnambula,' an attractive olio entertainment is given by the company, embracing negro-isms, clog dancing, ballads, etc. A *matinee* was given on Thanksgiving to a full house. The Wesley Family made their first appearance this (past) week and as pantomimists and general performers gave satisfaction.....At the Pittsburgh Theatre business continues very good. The attractions during the past week were varied and full houses were the result. Jennie Benson, Clara Burton, Lucy Clifton, Geo. R. Eccson, Larry Tooley, John H. Carle, H. W. Williams and Charley Benedick appeared in their specialties nightly and gave entire satisfaction. *Matinees* were given Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, all of which were so largely attended that even standing room was not attainable. The *matinees* given at this establishment have become popular with all classes and thanks are due to Manager Williams for inaugurating them. James Mace appeared in his statues, also James Taylor, the comic vocalist, and gave great satisfaction. Larry Tooley will, next (this) week, do a number of changes (*a la* Lingard), and give nearly every phase of Dutch society. A party of Manager Williams' company left Pittsburgh, on Nov. 17th, for Parker's Landing, where they gave a series of entertainments up to Saturday night, the 20th. The party will return to Pittsburgh on the 22d, and each member takes his or her place in the regular company. Among the new faces for Nov. 22d will be the Tyrolean Opera Troupe, five in number, and J. W. McAndrews, the happy old nig."

AT THE INTERNATIONAL, Toledo, O., N. B. Shimer, who traveled during the summer season with Dr. Thayer's Circus, has become a favorite. Miss Blanche Morrison put in an appearance on the 13th, but, says our correspondent, "Local," "only appeared once, which was sufficient for the audience. The Whiting Sisters and Maude De Lasco are favorites. By the way, Miss Edith Whiting (Mrs. Billy Grey) has increased the census by presenting her husband with a bouncing boy."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Omaha, is reported to be doing well under the direction of Col. Hanford. Miles, Oberti and Vere, *danseuses*, have appeared with success. The other members of the company, Cole, Sully, Sullivan, Smith, Bell, Hurd and Mollie Sommers are spoken of as favorites.

THE PALACE GARDEN, Grand Rapids, Mich., is reported as doing a good business. The proprietors advertise for talent.

ROLLIN HOWARD appears to be favorably received wherever he performs. He is now doing an act called "Howard at Home," in which he sings a tenor ballad, gives a piano solo and sings the *miserere* duett from "Il Trovatore" and a comic Dutch duett. On the evening of the 16th inst., in Baltimore, in the "Duchess," he was *encored* in the sabre song and love song and received a magnificent basket of camellias, in which was a lace embroidered handkerchief worth $25. On Thanksgiving Day all the company of the Front Street Theatre sang at the Penitentiary and at the theatre at *matinee* and at night. This week Mr. Howard plays Ophelia in "Hamlet in Black" and a laughable operetta called "Artaxaxis, or Love's Frailties," singing the Venzano Waltz.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT writes to the following effect, on the 19th:—"The Fourth Street Theatre has been doing well, but there has been little new about it to chronicle. Jacob Reily, the juggler, is the best card the establishment has had for a long time. His knife throwing feats this week have been very daring and thrilling, and his balancing is very good. Harry Wood put in an appearance as a female, as dancer, and also in burlesque opera. The can-can continues its career, unadulterated with anything new. The usual hash of songs, dances and jokes comprises the rest of the bill of fare.....The Varieties, at Bay City, Mich., collapsed last week, and Les Miserables, which means the company that went up from here, are a ragging back. Sed Reed, Bonnie Emerson and Kitty La Grange having already arrived. They think they were geese to ever become Michiganders..... There is little new to write about the Race Street. The Old Folk's Concert has had a successful second week, but will probably give way next (this) week to the regular 'First Part.' Seamon's ventriloquism and the can-can remain without any change. Carleton does some good rough dancing in the olio, and Ettie Barker gives a pleasant budget of songs. Nellie Taylor, the new *danseuse*, will soon become quite popular.....The New York Varieties, under the stage management of Fred Shaw, has been doing well, but there has been nothing new about it worth chronicling."

RITA PERCY, representative of statuary, commenced an engagement of twelve nights at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, on the 15th inst. There was a large audience in attendance. She appeared as Hope, Faith, Meditation, Greek Slave, Moorish Girl, Amazon defying the Lightning, Queen of Night, Greek Girl tying her Sandal, and Columbia. Miss Percy made a favorable impression here, and she will continue to attract large audiences during the remainder of her engagement. Nellie Morrell, vocalist, opened on the 15th inst. Naomi Porter closed on the 13th. Harry Hart now acts as interlocutor. James Porter appears as bones and Tom McIntyre as tambo.

TOMMY LULLY, jig dancer and song and dance man, and Miss Fanny Ware, female jiggist, both of the Theatre Comique company, Omaha, were united in marriage on the 15th inst.

MESSRS. RICH, HART AND TROWBRIDGE have disposed of their interest in the Trowbridge Opera House, late Morris Brothers, Boston, to a New York party, whose name has not been made public.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS put in an appearance this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in the aerial act of "The Three Flying Men." The pantomime of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" has been so favorably received at this house, with Maffitt and Bartholomew as Clown and Pantaloon, that it will be repeated until further notice.

W. H. LINGARD announces his last appearance on the Boston stage to take place at the Adelphi Theatre on the 24th inst., when he is up for a benefit.

THE COMPANY at present engaged at the Trowbridge Opera House, Boston, consists of Cool Burgess, Jenny Engel, J. S. Budworth, W. B. Cavanagh, Signor Vano, Willis Cobb's trained animals, Viro Farrand, The Eureka Boys, Billy Carter, W. B. Harrison, Billy Gray, Miss Chester, Miss Williams and others.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is said to have done well the past week. Tommy Sheridan opened there on the 15th on the tamborine end.

JOSEPHINE PARKER, *danseuse*, is reported to have died in St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 29th, being at the time connected with the Varieties Theatre Company in that city. she was a native of Baltimore, and was 21 years of age.

WARD'S OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., is said to have done a good business since the destruction of the theatre. Saidee Rogers and Joe Mott are in the company.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME, a miniature theatre for parlor amusements, can be had of Thos. Yates, whose address find elsewhere.

RITA PERCY, who has been giving her representations of classical draped statuary in Washington the past week, has been engaged for another week. On the 29th inst. she opens at Fox's American Theatre Philadelphia.

W. B. HARRISON, humorous vocalist and impromptu rhymer, can be engaged through his agents, Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds.

THE FRANKO FAMILY made their bow for the first time before a Washington audience at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst. They charged an admission of $1, and at the first performance there were not twenty-five people in the audience. Had they charged half the sum, the attendance would have been large, for the children possess wonderful musical talents and are really clever. So writes our correspondent, "Novice."

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS performed at Amboy, Ills., on the 15th to a crowded house, and opened in Mendota on the 16th.

CARLOTTA PATTI is billed for one conc

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*: the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMN nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 83 and 90 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARROLL'S!! CARROLL'S!!!

TERPSICHOREAN CALCULATIONS!!!

A Sensational and Original
PATENT ACT.
Originator, Inventor and Executor,
R. M. CARROLL,
now performing at the
HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON,
creating the greatest furore ever known in this country. Mechanism, Music and Dress
SURPASSING ANYTHING EVER SEEN.

Managers wishing to negotiate can address me, after December 20th, at Howard Athenæum, Boston
R. M. CARROLL.

N. B. I warn all performers that I have the exclusive right to the mechanical effects and title of this Act.—R. M. C. 33-4f

ELISE HOLT

having returned from her California engagement, where she successfully filled a period of ten (10) weeks, at the CALIFORNIA and "ALHAMBRA" theatres, respectively (an engagement in point of time, not equaled since the memorable one of ADAH MENKEN), has, at the urgent request of numerous admirers, determined to prove her claim as an artiste

OUTSIDE THE REGION OF BURLESQUE,

and has added to her repertoire the thrilling original drama entitled

"NIP!" "NIP!!" "NIP!!!" "NIP!!!!" "NIP!!!!!"
"THE PRETTY FLOWER."

written by the rising young American dramatist, Mr. Frederick G Maeder, Esq., author of numerous sensational successes. MISS HOLT has, through her manager, HARRY WALL, secured the sole right of this play for the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland and the Canadas, with all its sterling effects and wonderful fire scene, the Destruction of a Job Printing office, destined to be the finest effect of the kind yet offered. The character has recently been adapted to MISS HOLT, and embodies all her brilliant specialties. Five distinct characterizations and impersonations:

NIP (otherwise Mignonette, the pretty flower).....
ISABEL (a diamond in the rough).....
FREDERICI (a French Eccentricity).....
JIM (a mad flower, bound to be a printer's devil).....
FLORENCE (the last, "at home").....

} ELISE HOLT.

Characteristic Songs, Dances, and a Pianoforte Solo by MISS HOLT.

Managers having open time may address HARRY WALL, Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio until Dec. 6th, or F. G. MAEDER, Esq., care LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway, New York. 35-4t

GREAT WESTERN

Dramatic, Literary and Musical Bureau,
AND GENERAL MANAGING AGENCY,
129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
JAMES G. BURNETT & CO.....Managers.

Agents for
MRS. J. A. OATES' BURLESQUE OPERATIC TROUPE.
GRACE EGERTON'S ENTERTAINMENTS.
THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE.
KATIE PUTNAM METROPOLITAN STAR COMPANY.
PIKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY.
C. P. DEGROAT'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION.
FORD & GILBERT'S NASHVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

Also, Mr. and Miss Couldock, Miss Mollie Williams, Mr. J. E. McDonough, Miss Marian Clifton, Miss Melissa Breslau, Mr. John Dillon, Miss Josie Booth, Mrs. Virginia Germon, Mr. McKee Rankin, Mr. W. H. Leake, Miss Annie Waite, Mr. Alf Burnett, Yankee Robinson, Zanfretta Brothers, Zoiella and Venetia, Gymnasts, &c. &c., &c., besides many other artistes, embracing the chief dramatic and musical talent in the country.

☞ Costumes and Stage Properties furnished at short notice, and sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States or Canadas.

☞ Stars desiring engagements in the western States will do well to address J. G. BURNETT & CO.,
53-tf Dramatic Agents, 129 Dearborn street.

CABOT HALL,

CHICOPEE, MASS.,
largest in town; seats 500; size, 80x55; scenery, 18x12; population, 9,000; four miles from Springfield. Address WM. E. WHEELER, Manager, or JEROME WILLS, Proprietor. 35-1t

YOUNG AND HANDSOME

LADIES OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY
in the
VARIETY PROFESSION
desiring an engagement, will please address, stating line of business and terms, and enclosing carte de visite,
MR. NED CAMPBELL, Helena Varieties,
33-4t* Helena, Mont. Ter.

MLLE. TOURNIAIRE,

The graceful equestrienne, together with
PETITE MARIE,
the most daring and graceful child equestrienne in the business, and W. C. BROWN, musician, can be secured for the winter with three ring horses, besides a trick horse. Address
W. C. BROWN,
28-8t* Care Eaton Stone, Franklin, Essex County, N. J.

ATTENTION.—CURIOSITIES,

LIVING CURIOSITIES.

Desirous of a winter engagement, will please forward photographs, stating terms, to the undersigned,
JOHN McCRYSTAL,
Museum, 431 North 2d street,
33-3t* Philadelphia, Pa.

ALLEN COLLINS'

JIG AND CLOG DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER.

A new edition, enlarged, giving a better explanation of steps than any other published. Sent to any address on receipt of 25c. by CHAS. FRANK, 516 Franklin street, St. Louis, Mo. 35-7t*

RARE CHANCE FOR SHOWMEN.

FOR SALE.
PROF. FRENCH'S PERFORMING DOGS,
DICK AND DASH.
Now filling a very successful engagement at the Tammany, New York

Acknowledged by the press and the public the most accomplished performing dogs in the world. They do two separate and distinct acts and are the only dogs in the world that balance and perform on a swinging slack rope on their hind legs. The property consists of the two dogs, Dick and Dash, a very fine set of traps for use on the stage, all complete, a large six sheet lithograph and small cuts for programmes. Also, dresses complete for their act called "Protean sketches."

Plenty of engagements now awaiting—time sufficient to last a number of months, if wished.

Only reason for disposing of these good cards is my going to retire from the profession.

For further particulars address
PROF. FRENCH, Clipper Office.
34-1t*

LATEST PUBLISHED PLAYS,

15 CENTS EACH,

additions made weekly; watch the list:—Hidden "Hand," "East Lynne," "Lost in London," "Paul Fleming," "Deborah," "Fruits of the Wine Cup," "Drunkard's Warning," "Neomie," "Turkish Bath," "Play," "Henry Dunbar," "Artful Dodger," "John Wopps," "Another Glass," "Our Domestic," "Nine Points of the Law," "Bowled Out," "John Dobbs," "Sarah's Young Man," "Old Honesty," "The Christening," "Always Intended," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "Brother Bill," "Lending a Hand," "Cousin Tom," "My Turn Next," "Easy Shaving," "Society," "Miriam's Crime," "Taming a Tiger," "Little Rebel," "Young Collegian," "A Widow Hunt," "Nursery Chickweed," "Cups of Tea," &c. Cash orders for all published Plays. Parlor Pantomimes, four for 25 cents. Ethiopian Farces—75 different—15 cents each. Guide to the Stage 15 cents. Shadow Pantomimes, 25 cents. Amateur Guide, 25 cents. Photographs, Books, Newspapers, &c. W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York. 33-1t

THEATRE ROYAL,

MONTREAL, CANADA,
TO LET nightly or weekly. Arrangements made to share with COMPLETE ENTERTAINMENTS.
31-13t J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

THE BRAZILIAN FAMILY—

MARTINHO LOWANDE, the Great Bare-back Rider; YOUNG ARLARDO LOWANDE, the Great Somersault Rider; MISS COLRINDA LOWANDE, the Great Female Equestrienne, and VITALIA LOWANDE, the Great Tumbler and Leaper—are open for engagements. Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE. 27 1f

L. NIXON,

LUNCH, DINING AND OYSTER SALOON,
No. 81 Fourth avenue, near tenth street.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. 33-4t*

TO THE PROFESSION.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS., is the headquarters for the traveling profession, and is fitted up with extensive reference to the comfort of its guests. Call and see me before contracting.—D. HAMBLET, Proprietor. "I cheerfully recommend the above house to all traveling companies."—M. L. TOWNSEND, Agent of Charley Shay's Quinceuplexal. 3-7t

DESIGNING AND
ENGRAVING ON WOOD.
FOR ALL PURPOSES.
ROYLANCE & PURCELL,
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.
Sketches made from Scenes or Acts—Positions in Character or from Manuscript. 34-4f

SINK'S OPERA HOUSE,

ROME, N. Y.
THIS HOUSE IS ONE
OF THE FINEST BUILT IN THE STATE.
ITS DIMENSIONS ARE 151 FEET BY 55 FEET,
WITH 35 FEET CEILING.

The stage is fitted up with 30 changes of scenery, Border Lights, Foot Lights, Traps, &c., suitable for any First Class Plays. The seats are cushioned all through the house, and its whole arrangement is in the most approved style. Will be rented on reasonable terms to Managers of Dramatic or Operatic Companies, Lectures, &c., upon application to the proprietor, A. J. SINK,
28-52t Rome, N. Y.

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR.

THE
WALLACE SISTERS,
AGNES, JENNIE, MINNIE AND MAUD,
WITH S. B. VILLA AND HIS NEW YORK BURLESQUE AND COMEDY COMPANY.

Full Orchestra and Brass Band, meeting with brilliant success everywhere. Managers will please address care of Clipper office, 90 Centre street, New York city.
31-tf FRANK P. DOBSON, Business Manager.

EUREKA

DRAMATIC COLLEGE,
JOHN HUNTLEY, THE VETERAN MANAGER,
is now ready to transact business for Managers,
ARTISTS, COMPANIES,
Musicians, wardrobe and scenery supplied at a day's notice.
COSTUMES FOR BALLS SUPPLIED.
Ladies apply by note—Gentlemen in person.
JOHN HUNTLEY,
34-4t* At Harry Cunningham's, 636 Broadway.

NEGUS HALL,

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
Entirely new; centrally located; seating 650; large stage; splendid new scenery; foot-lights; side lights; dressing rooms and conveniences for the most popular dramatic and concert troupes.
Rent of house, with gas, heating, &c.,
FIFTEEN DOLLARS FOR SINGLE NIGHTS,
with liberal discount for extra or additional nights.
Address J. NEGUS,
29-13t* Rock Island, Ill.

JEFFERSON HALL,

NEW CASTLE, PA.
Just finished; suitable for concerts, lectures, &c.; in a central position; chairs for 500 persons; for rent by the night or week.
29-6t* JAMES B. McKEE, Agent.

LIBERTY HALL,

LOCATED IN EAST LIBERTY,
ALLEGHENY CO., PENN.,
Five miles east of Pittsburgh, directly on the Penn. Central Railroad.
Population of place, twelve thousand. Capacity of hall, 700, with stage, scenery, drop curtain, &c.
For rent to all first class performances. For terms, &c., address
JOHN PERCHMENT, Jr.,
32-6t* Wilkins P. O., Allegheny Co., Penn.

SAMPSON HALL,

CHARLOTTE, MICH.
Size of hall, 50x100 feet; stage, 20x50, with scenery, footlights, &c., and seated with chairs
Population of town, 3,000. Rent reasonable. License low.
35-8t Apply to BURNS & GREEN.

SCHMIDT & FOOTNER,

FROM LONDON, BEST AND CHEAPEST THEATRICAL WIG MAKERS in America. Goods sent C. O. D. 21 East Houston street, New York (Room 19). 33-4f*

LOST AT SEA!

BOUCICAULT AND BYRON'S
LATEST SENSATION,
NOW PLAYING TO CROWDED AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON.

We have just completed the following

NEW CUTS

FOR THIS SUCCESSFUL DRAMA.

MADE FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES, VIZ.:

Two Sheet Poster Cut,
REPRESENTING THE
Double Bridge Scene,
FULL OF LIFE AND ACTION,
Printed in Two Colors.

One Sheet Poster Cut,
REPRESENTING THE
EXCITING FIRE SCENE,
PRINTED IN TWO COLORS.

THREE SHEET ANNOUNCE STREAMER,
VERY EFFECTIVE,
PRINTED IN EITHER BLACK OR GREEN.

ALSO,
PROGRAMME CUTS
FOR EACH OF THE ABOVE,
TO PRINT IN ONE OR TWO COLORS,
AS MAY BE DESIRED.

Electrotypes of these Cuts
WILL BE FURNISHED AT LOW PRICES.

J. E. JACKSON, Business Manager,
LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
30-tf PHILADELPHIA.

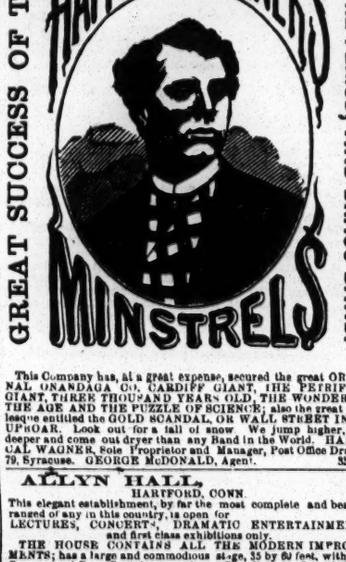
DEARBORN THEATRE,

111 AND 113 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

EMERSON & MANNING.....Managers
WM. VAN FLEET.....Business Manager
J. R. KEMBLE.....Stage Manager

EMERSON & MANNING'S MINSTRELS
are now permanently located at this
BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT,
and are doing a business prosperous beyond all precedent in the annals of minstrelsy. THE MANAGEMENT IS DESIROUS OF NEGOTIATING, AT ALL TIMES, WITH ARTISTS OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY. 25-3m*

GREAT BAND



OF THE PERIOD, AND BRASS BAND.

This Company has, at a great expense, secured the great ORIGINAL UNADACA CO. CARDIFF GIANT. THE PETRIFIED GIANT, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, THE WONDER OF THE AGE AND THE PUZZLE OF SCIENCE; also the great Burlesque entitled the GOLD SCANDAL, OR WALL STREET IN AN UPROAR. Look out for a fall of snow. We jump higher, dive deeper and come out dryer than any Band in the World. HAPPY CAL WAGNER, Sole Proprietor and Manager, Post Office Drawer 79, Syracuse. GEORGE McDONALD, Agent. 33-tf

ALLYN HALL,

HARTFORD, CONN.
This elegant establishment, by far the most complete and best arranged of any in this country, is open for
LECTURES, CONCERTS, DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, and first class exhibitions only.

THE HOUSE CONTAINS ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS; has a large and commodious stage, 35 by 80 feet, with fine Scenery and Drop Curtains complete. The Parquet floor is 70 by 80 feet; has seats for 1,000 persons. The Dress Circle has seats for 400 persons, making in all 1,400 seats.

TERMS OF CONTRACT WHEN NOT OPENED BY SPECIAL AGREEMENT:

The rent of House, Gas, Heating, Ticket Seller, Night Hands Usher, for single night, for ordinary Lecture, $40; for ordinary Minstrel Concert, $45; for Operatic or Theatrical exhibition, $45. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT IS MADE FOR ALL EXTRA OR ADDITIONAL NIGHTS.

For particulars or business address T. M. ALLYN,
30-9t* Proprietor of Allyn Hall Hartford, Conn.

"HOXSIE'S HALL,"

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE,
ENTIRELY NEW, CENTRALLY LOCATED,
Will be opened about the 25th instant. Splendid new scenery, foot lights, etc.; conveniences for the most popular Dramatic and Concert Troupes; seats 400 persons; population, 12,000. Terms liberal. Address JAMES B. HOXSIE. 32-3t

STANCLIFF HALL,

ELMIRA, N. Y.
NEWLY CONSTRUCTED AND CENTRALLY LOCATED,
IS NOW OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS
TO FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS.
THIS THEATRE,
comprising Parquette, Proscenium Boxes, Dress Circle and Gallery, in point of decoration and appointments, is pronounced equal to any in the city of New York, with a seating capacity of 1,200 persons. The decorations in crimson and gold, and scenery, of which it has twelve sets, are by Geo Harvill, of New York; is brilliantly lighted with elegant chandeliers, which set off admirably the lively tints of frescoing, giving at once a pleasing impression and effect equal to any in the United States.
32-13t* S. T. REYNOLDS, Elmira, N. Y.

DAZIAN

Has got the largest stock of Satins and Tarletans in the market, at
33-8t* 403 BROOME STREET, N. Y.

AT DAZIAN'S YOU CAN GET

COLORED AND WHITE TARLETAN AT 25 CTS. A YD. 32-8t*

I WILL SELL

the balance of my stock of SATINS at $1.00 and $1.25.
32-8t* W. DAZIAN, 403 Broome street, N. Y.

SAM'L ELLWOOD & CO.,

BILL POSTERS
AND DISTRIBUTORS
FOR HOBOKEN AND HUDSON COUNTY.

We own our own bill boards and leases. Our work is our reference. Office, 56 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J. 34-13t

OPERA HOUSE,

MASSILLON, OHIO.
WILL BE COMPLETED ABOUT THE 20TH OF DEC.,
With all the modern appliances for heat, ventilation, comfort and beauty. Capacity over 1,300, with Upholstered Opera Seats. Water, Water Closets, and a full suite of Dressing Rooms. Scenic and Decorative Work, believed to be the Finest in the state, by Mons. Pujol of New York, late from Paris. Proposals for the opening, or subsequent engagement, from first class management, may be directed to J. G. BUCHER,
32-3t* Massillon, Ohio.

THE GREAT DOUBLE

TROUPE,
BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA COMPANY,
ORGANIZED FOR THE SEASON OF 1869-'70,
who will appear in their different Specialties in all the principal cities in the United States. Not one scene from the Operas, or trying to play something that they do not know, or understand what they are doing, as most of the minstrel companies are doing and advertising, but we produce the Operas with the original music, both vocal and instrumental, in costume. The music rendered by the Buckleys in their

BURLESQUE OPERAS

is the music of the Opera itself, and has been used there
NEGRO INTERPOLATIONS,
which drive away the dullness of too close an observation of the original text. H. E. PALMER, Agent.
G. SWAINE BUCKLEY, Manager and Proprietor. 32-tf

H. C. TRIPPLE,

THEATRICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 110 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ESTABLISHED 1819.
Opera Slippers, Equestrian and Gymnastic Pumps, Ballet Clogs and Slater Shoes generally, except Russell Boots. 32-13t*

PITTSBURGH THEATRE,

FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
H. W. WILLIAMS.....SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER.
THE NOVELTY THEATRE OF THE WEST.
SENSATIONAL STARS
AND
COMBINATIONS
can always find good engagements.
FIRST CLASS VARIETY ARTISTES
wanted at all times.
MATINEES.—WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS. 33-tf

MISS LEONA CAVENDER,

COMEDIENNE AND VOCALIST.
MR. MORRIS is now ready to negotiate for time. Her repertoire embraces
SEVERAL NEW PLAYS,
including Original Dramas by
AUGUSTIN DALY, ESQ.,
AND
HENRY MORFORD, ESQ.,
THOMAS E. MORRIS, 179 West Tenth street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

for CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE, good Tuba Player, Clarionet and Piccolo; must play brass good; steady engagement at moderate salary. Address to Lawrence, Mass., by Nov 26th, or Springfield, Mass., up to Dec. 2d. CHARLEY SHAY, Manager 33-3t

WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE,

ROCKVILLE, CONN.
A new and elegant structure, 70x48, finished with all the MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AND CAPABLE OF SEATING ABOUT 1,000 PERSONS.
STAGE 32x36 FEET, WITH DROP CURTAIN AND SCENERY, All new. Opened to the public NOVEMBER 20TH, 1869.
This is the finest Hall in New England outside the large cities.
For terms address C. WHITE,
35-3t* Rockville, Conn.

PORTERS & FOWLER'S

NEW OPERA HOUSE, MEADVILLE, PA., opened Oct. 11th, 1869. Seating 1,000 persons; 450 opera chairs in parquette, 300 cane arm chairs in dress circle, 250 first seats in balcony, 4 private boxes, elegantly frescoed, lighted by gas, stage 34x80 feet. All scenes with necessary set stuff, borders, &c., stage carpet, foot and border lights, drop curtain, &c. Meadville is located on the main line of the A. and G. W. R. W., and is the terminus of the Cleveland and Franklin branches of said road, containing a population of 12,000 inhabitants, and is one of the best show towns of its size in the state, and can boast of the finest opera house in the United States of its size. For rent by the night or week for first-class entertainments only. No licenses. Terms moderate. Address PORTERS & FOWLER. 33-5t*

CLARRY & REILLEY,

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS
13, 14 AND 16 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.
THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 33-tf

EVENING NEWS

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Ninth street, above Main, Richmond, Va.
The only
SHOW PRINTING OFFICE
In the South.
PRICES AS LOW AS NEW YORK.
All information relative to Theatres, Public Halls, Licenses, Bill Posting, &c., &c., cheerfully given. Address
W. H. WADE & CO.,
1-tf Richmond, Va.

TO RENT,

LIBRARY HALL, CHICAGO,
Formerly well known as
METROPOLITAN HALL
The above convenient Hall, suitable for Lectures and Exhibitions, will seat 1,500 persons; is the cheapest and best situated Hall in Chicago, close to the chief hotels and lines of street cars. Rent per night extremely reasonable. For terms apply to
JOHN ROBSON,
13-6m* 50 La Salle street, upstairs, Chicago, Ill.

ODEON THEATRE,

WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.
The above theatre (formerly Hooley's Opera House) is now offered to rent. To a good party, alterations will be made, and a long and favorable lease given. Apply or address G. P. REEDER,
34-tf Waverley Theatre, New York.

TO MANAGERS.

Address MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS,
15-tf Clarendon Hotel, New York City.

SOBEL'S OPERA HOUSE,

PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.
This building has been
ENLARGED AND GREATLY IMPROVED.
Depth, 105 feet; stage, 22x32 feet. To lease for long or short engagements. Address all letters to S. SOBEL,
25-3m* Petroleum Centre, Pa.

BRAHAM'S ALHAMBRA PALACE,

No. 1 BOND STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY. Conducted on the same basis as Evans', Covent Garden, London. Concerts every evening. Admission free. All the available talent, of the first order, engaged from London. ALBERT BRAHAM, Proprietor. Chops, Steaks, etc. Everything sold of the best brands. 26-tf

FRANK'S HALL,

WELLINGTON, OHIO,
90 by 46; furnished with a good set of scenery; population, 2,500; on Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati R. R., to rent for entertainments. Address H. B. FRANKS, Proprietor,
25-3m* Wellington, Ohio.

BECKEL OPERA HOUSE,

DAYTON, OHIO,
Has been entirely remodeled, with large stage, sunken footlights, elaborate scenery and all the modern improvements, constituting it one of the handsomest theatres in the West. It is in the first story, and provided with
AMPLE MEANS OF EGRESS.
Centrally located and a seating capacity of about 1,000 persons. Is now open for first class entertainments only. Address
24-6m* J. S. CHURCH, Dayton, Ohio.

INDIANAPOLIS

METROPOLITAN HALL,
THE ONLY HALL IN THE CITY WITH SCENERY,
TO RENT, BY THE NIGHT, WEEK OR MONTH.
ALL LICENSE PAID.
25-8m* Address W. H. LEAKE.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE,

WALNUT STREET, ABOVE 8TH, PHILADELPHIA.
R. FOX.....Proprietor and Manager.
J. B. ROBERTS.....Acting and Stage Manager.
THE GREAT INSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY.
OPEN "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"
WITH THE MOST COMPLETE VARIETY ORGANIZATION EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER.
FIVE DISTINCT COMPANIES COMBINED
DRAMATIC, PANTOMIMIC, ACROBATIC, TERPSICHOREAN AND ETHIOPIAN,
COMPOSED OF THE
VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE WORLD,
THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BALLET TROUPE IN AMERICA.
ALL THE GREATEST SENSATIONS OF THE DAY PRESENTED IN RAPID SUCCESSION.
Artists in all branches desirous of negotiating apply to
R. FOX,
25-tf American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ERIE, PENN.,
(Licensed by the year). Centrally located, opposite Post Office. Just built; everything new; stage 35 by 80 feet; full set of scenery; seating capacity, 1,000; Auditorium seated with chairs; raised seats; good dressing rooms; illuminated balcony; largest and best place of amusement in the city. Population, 25,000.
Address WM. J. BELL & CO., Agents,
708 State street.
Office of P. C. Backus, City Bill Poster, at the same place. 23 13t*

KAYLOR HALL,

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
My hall is newly fitted up with Dressing Rooms, entire New Curtains; Scenery painted on flats by E. W. CRAMER, Esq.; Footlights complete, with capacity of 800. Population about 10,000. Will rent by the Night, Week or Month, on liberal terms.
23-3m* D. KAYLOR, Proprietor.

ROBERTS' OPERA HOUSE,

395 MAIN STREET,
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
Is pronounced, by the entire profession, to be the finest Theatre of any in the country in which traveling companies play.

This new and beautiful house, arranged upon the most approved modern style, and seated with "Allen's Patent Iron Chairs" in Parquet and Parquet Circle and upholstered seats in Dress Circle and Family Circle, fitted with a complete set of stock scenes suitable for the production of any first class play, and for the last season, since the opening, January 20th, 1868, the only popular place of amusement in Hartford, will be rented on reasonable terms to managers of
DRAMATIC, OPERATIC AND CONCERT COMPANIES, Lecturers, &c., upon application to the proprietor, W. W. ROBERTS, 395 Main street, Hartford, Conn. 29-3m*

FARRAR HALL,

FRONTING PARK FLOOR, ERIE, PA.,
GRAY & FARRAR.....Proprietors.
The only place of amusement in the city with high ceiling and below the third floor; wide iron entrance on Park, with rear entrance on Fifth street. Fine Dressing Rooms, Railed seats, Stage carpeted, full set of Scenery, Spacious Gallery. Capacity, 1,400. Population, 22,000. Address D. P. ERSON & CO., Agents,
Brown's Hotel Block.
33-26t* W. T. BURLEY, Licensed City Bill Poster at same place.

CONTINENTAL HALL,

AT GREENPOINT, OPPOSITE EAST 10TH STREET,
To let for Balls, Concerts, Minstrels, Lectures, &c. It is the only suitable hall in the place, and is surrounded by a population numbering 20,000. Apply to CHARLES ETHERIDGE,
27-13t* Greenpoint, N. Y.

SOMERS & NESTROCK,

THEATRICAL AND FANCY BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
270 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY.
N. B.—Work made in the best of style and sent per Express, C. O. D., to all parts of the country. 29-13t*

DUNNING'S HALL,

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS.
Hall 44x75, well ventilated and lighted, will seat 500. Two commodious dressing rooms, stage, drop curtain and foot lights. Ceiling 15 feet in height. Population of city, 4,000. Apply to
R. G. DUNNING, Proprietor.

FRANK'S HALL,

AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI,
is for rent at reasonable rates for the use of theatres, concerts, lectures, and all respectable entertainments; is provided with eight hundred seats, a large stage, and complete sets of scenery.
Address C. J. FRANK, or BROWN & CASE, Attorneys, Kansas City, Missouri. 31-27t*

HOWARD ATHENÆUM,

HOWARD STREET,
TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE,
171 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
ISAAC B. RICH, JOSH. HART, Business Manager.
JOSH. HART, } Managers.
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, } W. B. CAVANAGH, Stage Manager
FIRST CLASS ARTISTS
in all branches of the business can always get engagements.
Address JOSH. HART,
Business Manager, Howard Athenæum,
Boston, Mass.,
Or our sole authorized agents,
25-tf LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

UNION HALL, JOHNSTOWN,

PA., handsomest hall of its size in the state; seats 950 in arm and half arm chairs; stage complete in scenery and other appointments.
HALL ON GROUND FLOOR.
ENTRANCE FIFTEEN FEET WIDE.
The management would refer to Henderson and Canning, Pittsburgh Opera House; N. D. Roberts, Manager Newcomb's Minstrels; Leo. Hudson, J. C. Denton, S. S. Sanford, Charles A. Morris, Haverly's Minstrels, Skiff and Gaylord, Wallace Sisters Burlesque Troupe, Continental Vocalists, Signor Blitz, H. W. Williams, Pittsburg Theatre, Billy Tom's Management, Joe Emmett, Harry Watkins, J. C. Gregory, or any other person who has ever seen the hall.
For terms, etc., address ROBERT W. HUNT,
51-3m Secretary Union Hall Association.

MISS ALICE PLACIDE,

TRAGEDIENNE AND COMEDIENNE,
Is ready to negotiate with Managers for engagements of one or two weeks. Her repertoire will contain several New and Attractive Plays. Address ALICE PLACIDE,
31-13t* 1,474 Camac street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED,

FOR BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION,
first class variety talent, male and female. None but first class artists need apply. Address BILLY PASTOR,
No. 201 Bowery, New York.
N. B.—Consider silence a negative. 30-5t*

ADVANCE AGENTS, ATTENTION!

SHAW'S NEW HALL, BIDDEFORD, ME.
Best in the state. Middleord and Saco, 20,000 inhabitants. Only $20 a night. No license. CAPT. IVORY GOODWIN, Lessee 23-3m*

TO CIRCUS

AND SIDE SHOW MANAGERS.
The undersigned having had great experience in the manufacturing of Canvases for Circus and Showmen, for the past thirty-five years, beg leave to announce that they have made such arrangements as will enable them to furnish at the lowest cash price, Canvases of all sizes, Chains and Rope Guys, Centre, Quarter and Side Poles, Bunting Flags, all sizes and kinds, for outside decorations, Blocks and Tackle, Bale Rings, &c.
For further particulars send for price list. Address
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
114 Commercial street,
Boston Mass.
24-13t*

CHANG!

TALLEST MAN EVER ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
KIN FOO, CHINESE BEAUTY.
OPENS AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, CHICAGO,
FRANK E. AIKEN, MANAGER,
NOV. 1ST FOR FOUR WEEKS.
Parties wishing this immense attraction address
31-tf YANKEE ROBINSON, Wood's Museum, N. Y.

MR. ALF

BURNETT

the most versatile performer living, makes the most rapid changes.
GREATEST FACIAL ARTIST IN THE WORLD.
31 13t* Address 59 DAVID STREET, CINCINNATI.

UNION HALL,

SOUTH MAIN STREET,
MONMOUTH, ILL.
Main entrance, ten feet wide; building, 136x80 feet; main hall 80x36 feet, by 32 feet high; elegant Scenery, etc., Practical Doors, Windows, etc.; three Dressing Rooms and Private Stage Door; seating Capacity, 2,000
with 300 comfortable Arm Chairs.
LIGHT, WARMTH AND VENTILATION GUARANTEED.
BILLS POSTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.
Apply to E. H. SHULTZ, Secretary.
32-13t*

TO MANAGERS.

THE GAS LIGHT, HARTFORD, CONN.,
is published FREE for ALLYN HALL and the OPERA HOUSE. Managers sending correct house bills in advance, and ADVERTISING WITH US, we guarantee a street edition FREE, at 12 M., of day of entertainment. Send for circular.
6-3m* JOSEPH H. BARNUM & CO., Publishers.

VELOCIPEDE RIDER,

A FANCY VELOCIPEDE RIDER. 191 Bleecker street
29-13t* ADDIE GRAHEL.

WOOD CUTS for EXHIBITIONS.

And Large and Small Illustrated Posters.
TORREY BROTHERS, PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
No 13 Spruce street, New York,
have upwards of
Eight Hundred Wood Cuts
in their general stock, adapted to the following different Exhibitions, viz:—
Dramatic, Circus, Menagerie, Trained Animals, Negro Minstrels, Magicians, Jugglers, Varieties, Side Shows, etc.,
for the use of any of which no charge will be made to those having work done at their establishment.
Catalogues containing a description of the several Cuts may be obtained, and impressions of the various subjects seen on file at the office.
JOHN TRYON 13 Spruce street, New York, will attend to our amusement work, and whatever writing may be required in that department. 34-3m*

THEATRICAL HOSIERY

Of Every Description.
VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,
(Late A. RANKIN & CO.—Established 1823.)
No. 96 Bowery, New York.
THEIR FACILITIES IN MANUFACTURING
are such that orders for any style and of any material can be furnished at very short notice.
Orders by mail receive particular attention.
27-6m*

NEW WESTERN THEATRICAL STORE

129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
GEORGE S. THURBER,
Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer, respectfully calls the attention of Managers of Theatres, Circuses, Menageries, Pantomime and Opera Companies to his extensive stock of THEATRICAL, MILITARY, REGALIA, SOCIETY, CHURCH, COSTUMER'S and all kinds of GOLD and SILVER TRIMMINGS, the best and largest assortment ever seen west of New York. Please call and examine. Opera Shoes, Sandals, and Theatrical Hosiery, Symmetries, or Padding, Dancing Clogs, Spangles, Concaves, Laces, Stars, Tassels, Beads, Point D'Espagne, Armour Cloth, Tights, Ostrich Plumes, Belts, Foil Hilts, Buttons, Orders, Swords, Sham Settings, Chapeaux, Costume Plates, Imitation Diamond Jewelry, Dominoes, Dirks, Masks, Brocades, Tissues, Zinc Ornamenta, Belts, Hosiery, Foil Paper, Spreadeas, Tarletans, Gold and Silver Leather, Theatrical Wigs, Swords (modern and antique), Stage Jewelry.
GOODS SENT C. O. D. TO ALL PARTS OF THE U. S. AND CANADAS. 9-6m*

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY & GRAHAM,

19 MAIDEN LANE
Importers and Dealers in
THEATRICAL LACES, FRINGES, STARS, CLOTHS, SPANGLES, Etc. 24-13t*

MEECH'S HALL,

CATSKILL, NEW YORK.
Located in the centre of the village; finely ventilated, and will seat 700 people. Stage, 33 feet wide by 18 deep, with footlights, and complete set of new and elegant scenery. Hall lit with gas. Town population, 6,000. [4-19t*] Address J. H. MEECH.

Newly frescoed; seating capacity, 1,000; good stage, with splendid scenery, footlights and dressing rooms. The most popular Hall for DRAMATIC, MINSTREL CONCERT TROUPES.
C. HARDIN, Proprietor.
BEN. B. BUCKLEY, GENERAL BILL POSTER,
and owner of bill boards in Galesburg and Monmouth. All orders will receive prompt attention.
Address all letters to Galesburg, Ill. 27-13t*

DIEFENDORF HALL,

FORT PLAIN, N. Y.,
44x85 feet. Will seat 700. Open for all traveling troupes.
Address S. KELLER,
29-8t* Fort Plain, N. Y.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ERIE, PENN.,
(Licensed by the year). Centrally located, opposite Post Office. Just built; everything